

# NATIONAL

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP  
I.C.D.  
10

OCTOBER  
No. 74

# COMICS

10¢

*The* **BARKER**  
outspiels  
SNAKE OIL SAM!





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS

CLOWN \$2.95



MICKEY MOUSE \$3.95

(©Walt Disney Prod.)

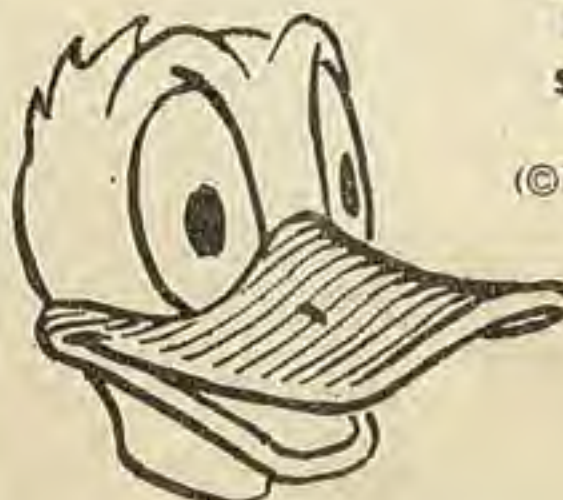
SATAN \$2.95



Minstrel (Black Face) \$2.95

DONALD DUCK \$3.95

(©Walt Disney Prod.)



COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.

IT PULLS ON OVER THE HEAD LIKE A DIVER'S HELMET

NOW WATCH ME HAVE SOME FUN WITH THE GANG TONIGHT AT THE MASQUERADE

BOY! WOULD I HAVE FUN WITH THAT IDIOT'S FACE

YOU'RE FUNNIER WITH YOUR OWN

THE MYSTERY HALF-WIT SURE HAS THE GIRLS ALL AGOG

WHO IS HE AND WHERE DID HE GET THAT MASK?



## MASKS AVAILABLE

IDIOT MONKEY LADY KILLER  
CLOWN OLD MAN OLD LADY 4 EYES  
TRAMP SATAN BLACK FACE  
MONSTER MAN SOPHISTICATED LADY

All masks above are \$2.95 each

MICKEY MOUSE MINNIE MOUSE

DONALD DUCK at \$3.95 each

Special Santa Claus at \$4.95

**SEND NO MONEY!**

**RUSH COUPON NOW**

Just mail coupon. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced \$2.95 except Santa Claus (\$4.95) and Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck (at \$3.95 each). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All Masks guaranteed perfect

**RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, INC.**

6044 Avondale Avenue, Dept. 53MX Chicago 31, Illinois

IDIOT . . \$2.95

Yes, here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

MONKEY \$2.95



Rubber-For-Molds, Inc., 6044 Avondale Ave., Dept. 53MX Chicago 31, Ill.

Send me the Masks checked Below

- ☐ Idiot ☐ Monkey ☐ Lady Killer  
☐ Clown ☐ Old Man ☐ Old Lady  
☐ 4 Eyes ☐ Tramp ☐ Satan  
☐ Black Face ☐ Monster Man  
☐ Sophisticated Lady  
☐ Mickey Mouse  
☐ Minnie Mouse  
☐ Donald Duck  
☐ Santa Claus.

- ( ) Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage  
( ) Ship postpaid, Payment in full enclosed herewith

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(Print Plainly)  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# The Barker

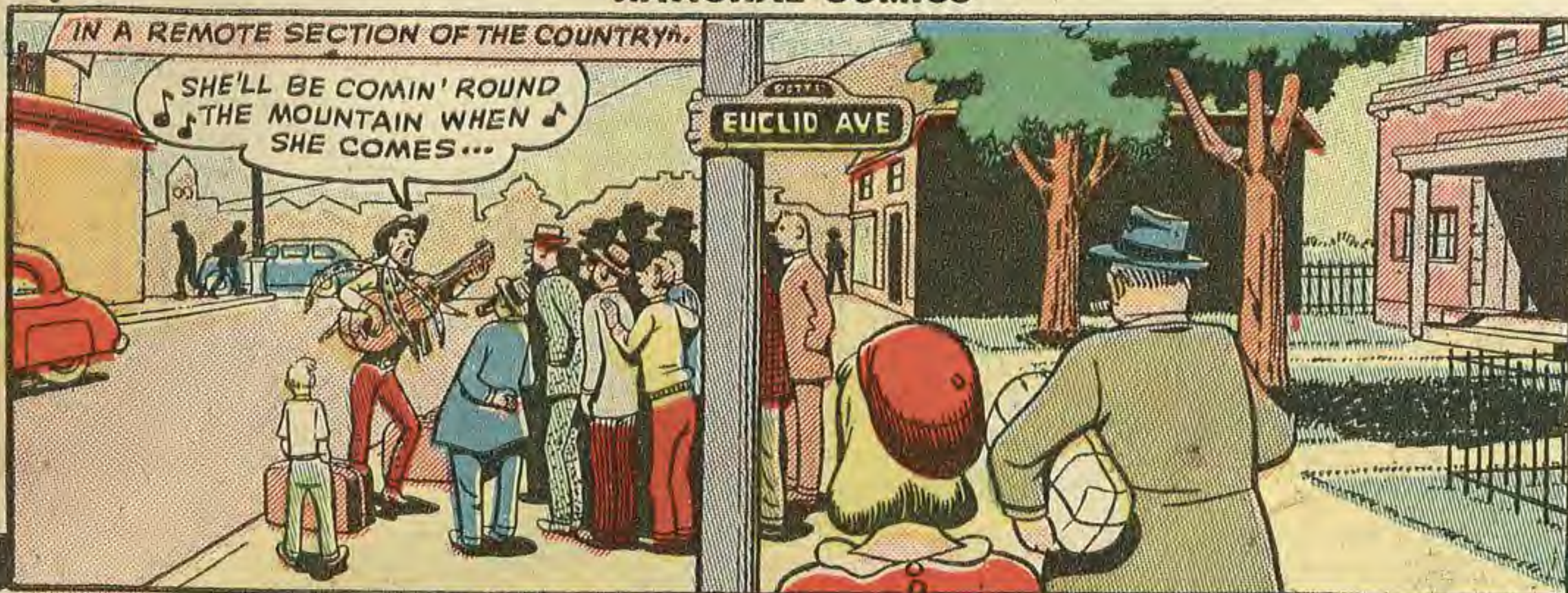
YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE'VE GOT THEM ALL ... A FOUR-ARMED WONDER, A WORLD-FAMOUS STRONG MAN ... A ... GULP...

BIG DEAL!



Klaus Nordling





IN A REMOTE SECTION OF THE COUNTRY...

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND  
THE MOUNTAIN WHEN  
SHE COMES...

THANKS FOR THE APPLAUSE,  
FOLKS! YOU KNOW YOU CAN  
ALWAYS DEPEND ON SNAKE  
OIL SAM FOR THE BEST IN  
ENTERTAINMENT, THE  
BEST IN ADVICE, THE  
BEST IN QUICK CURES!

AND SPEAKING OF QUICK  
CURES... IF YOU HAVE FALLEN  
ARCHES, HEADACHES, HANG-  
NAILS OR WHATEVER, YOU'LL  
RECOVER INSTANTLY WITH  
ONE SWALLOW OF SAM'S  
SPECIAL SNAKE OIL  
REMEDY!

YOU KNOW YOU CAN RELY  
ON ME, FOLKS, SO STEP  
UP AND GET YOUR BOTTLE  
BEFORE THEY'RE ALL  
GONE! ONLY FIFTY  
CENTS... HALF A  
DOLLAR!

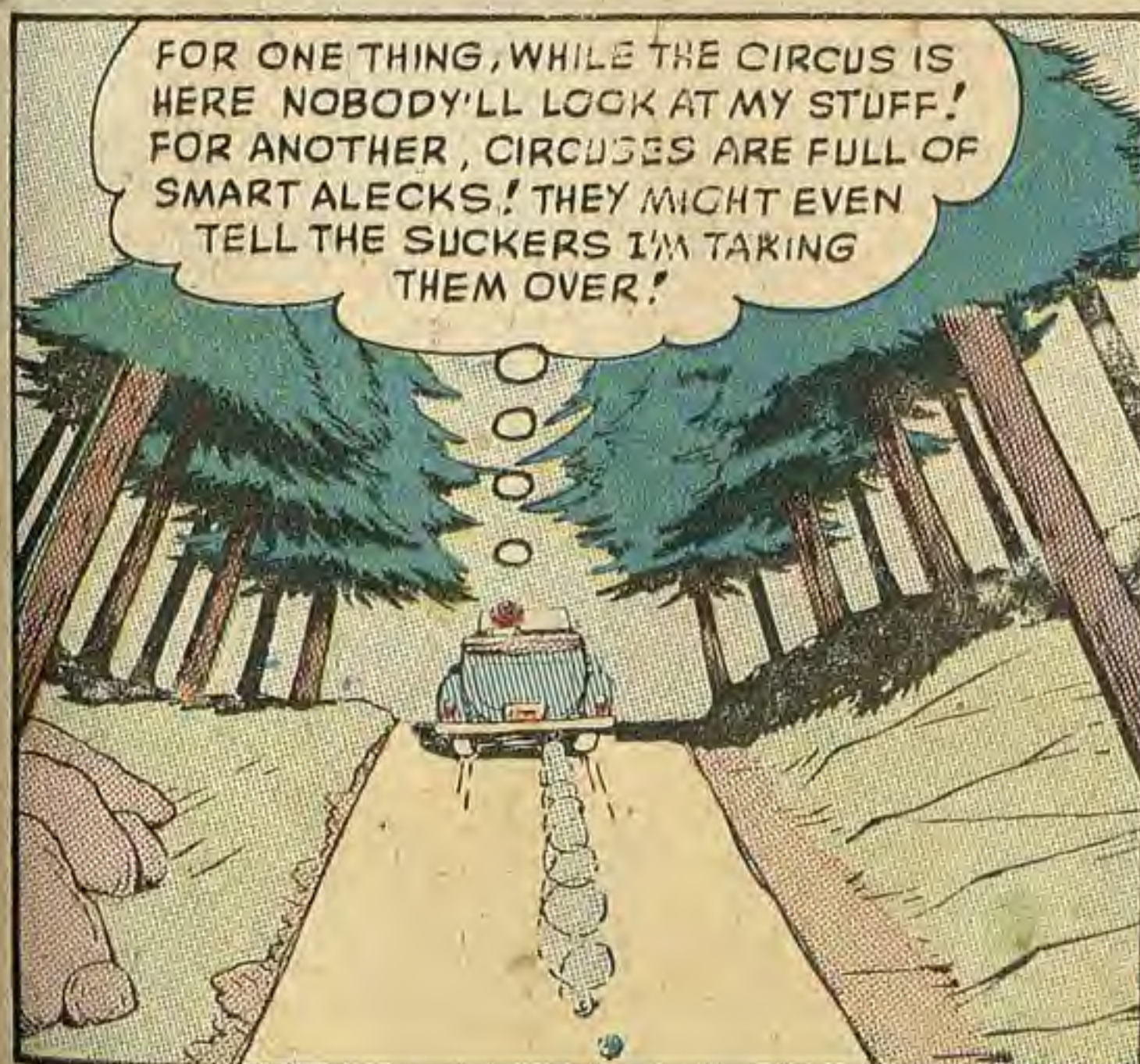
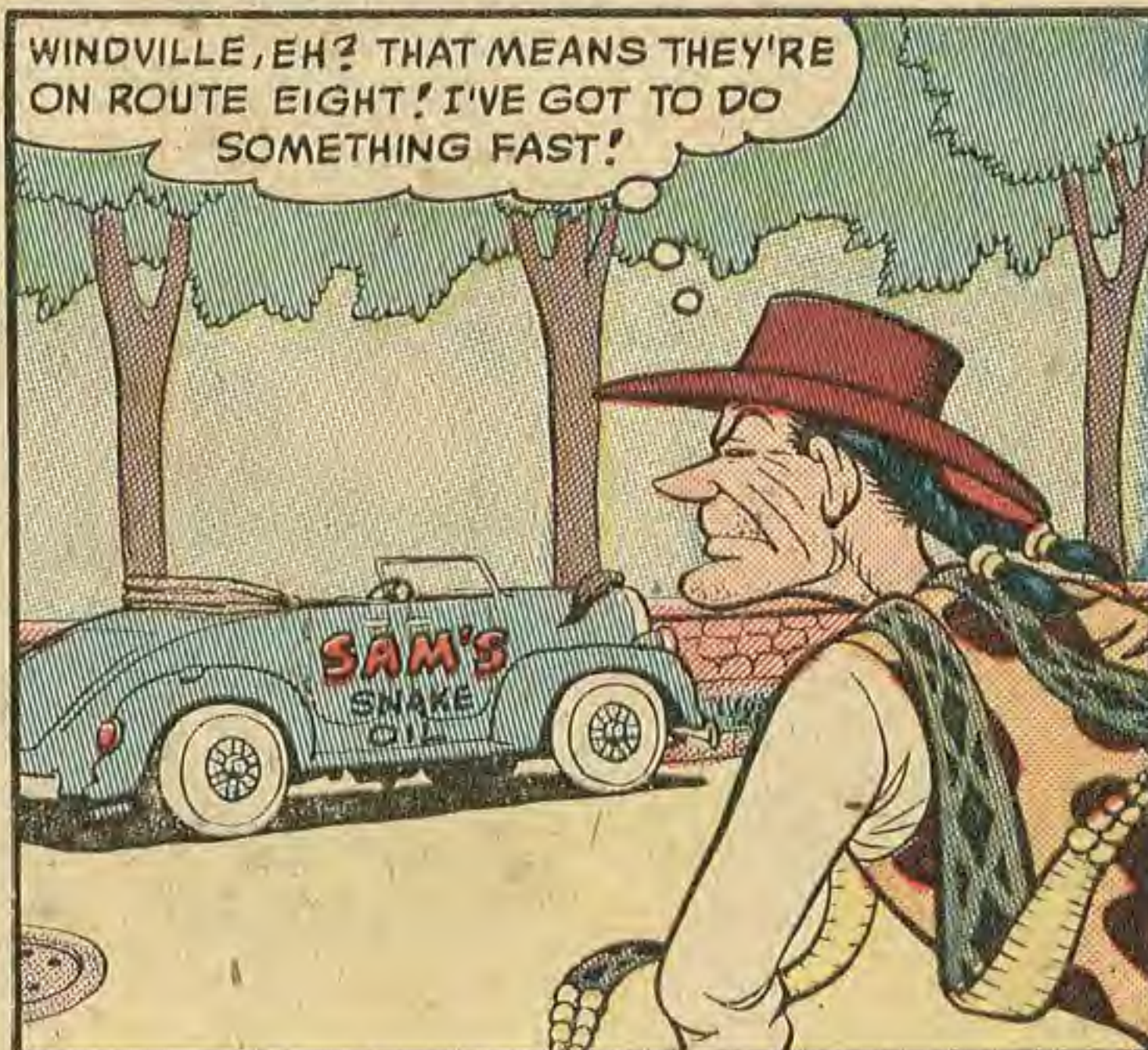
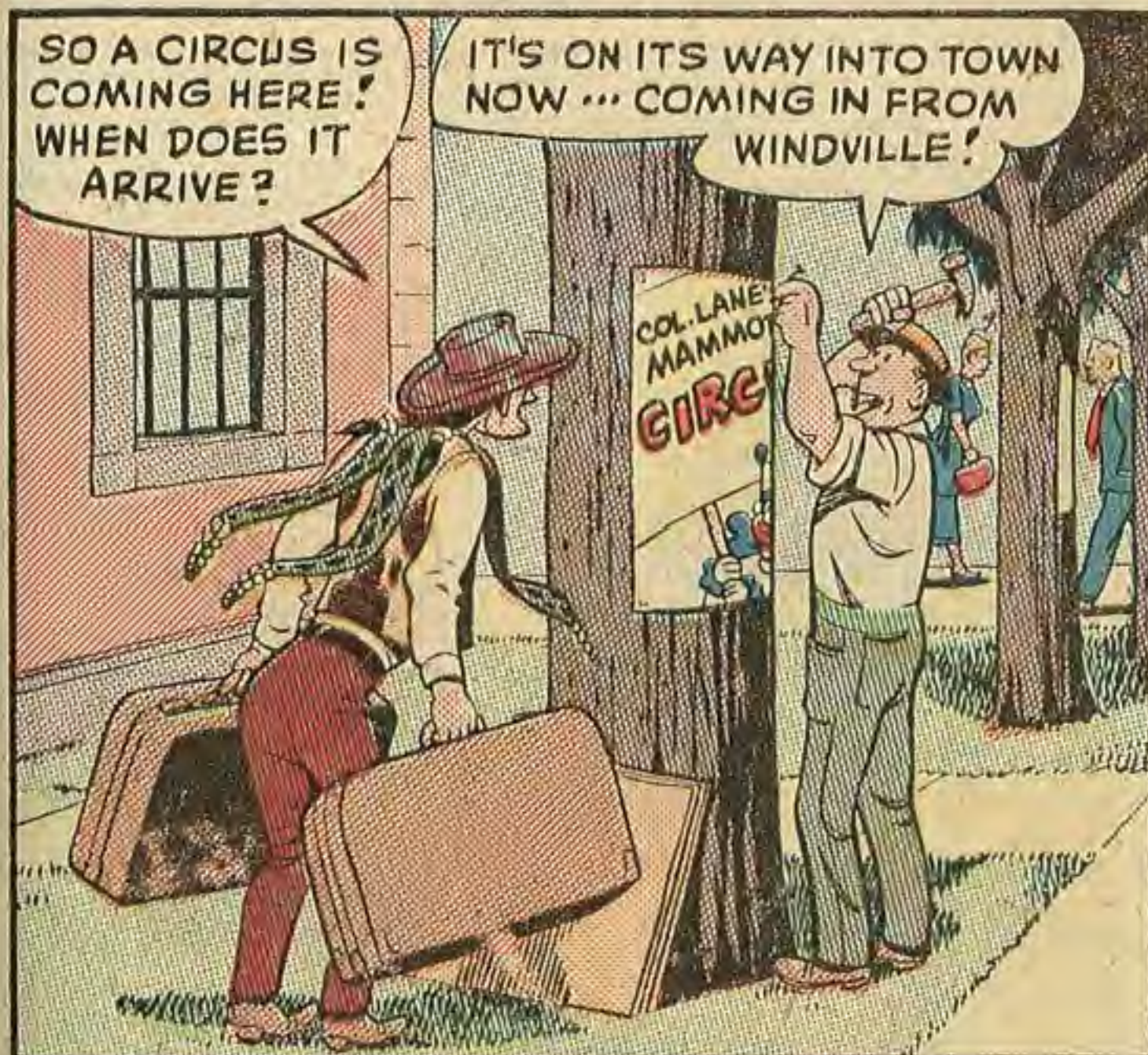


WHAT AN INSPIRATION  
I HAD WHEN I CAME TO  
THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY...  
HOW THEY LAP UP MY SHOWS  
AND MY MEDICINES!

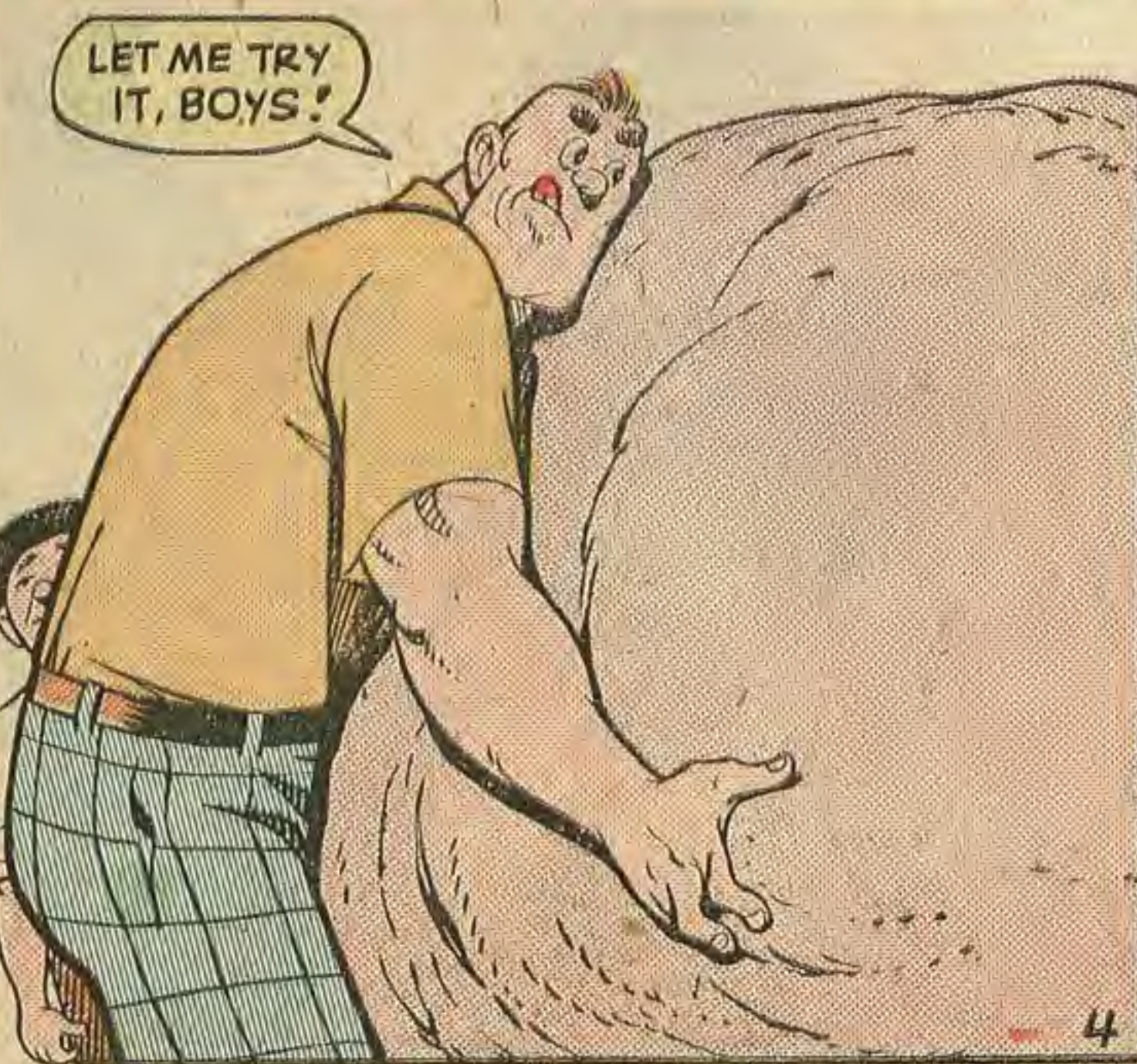
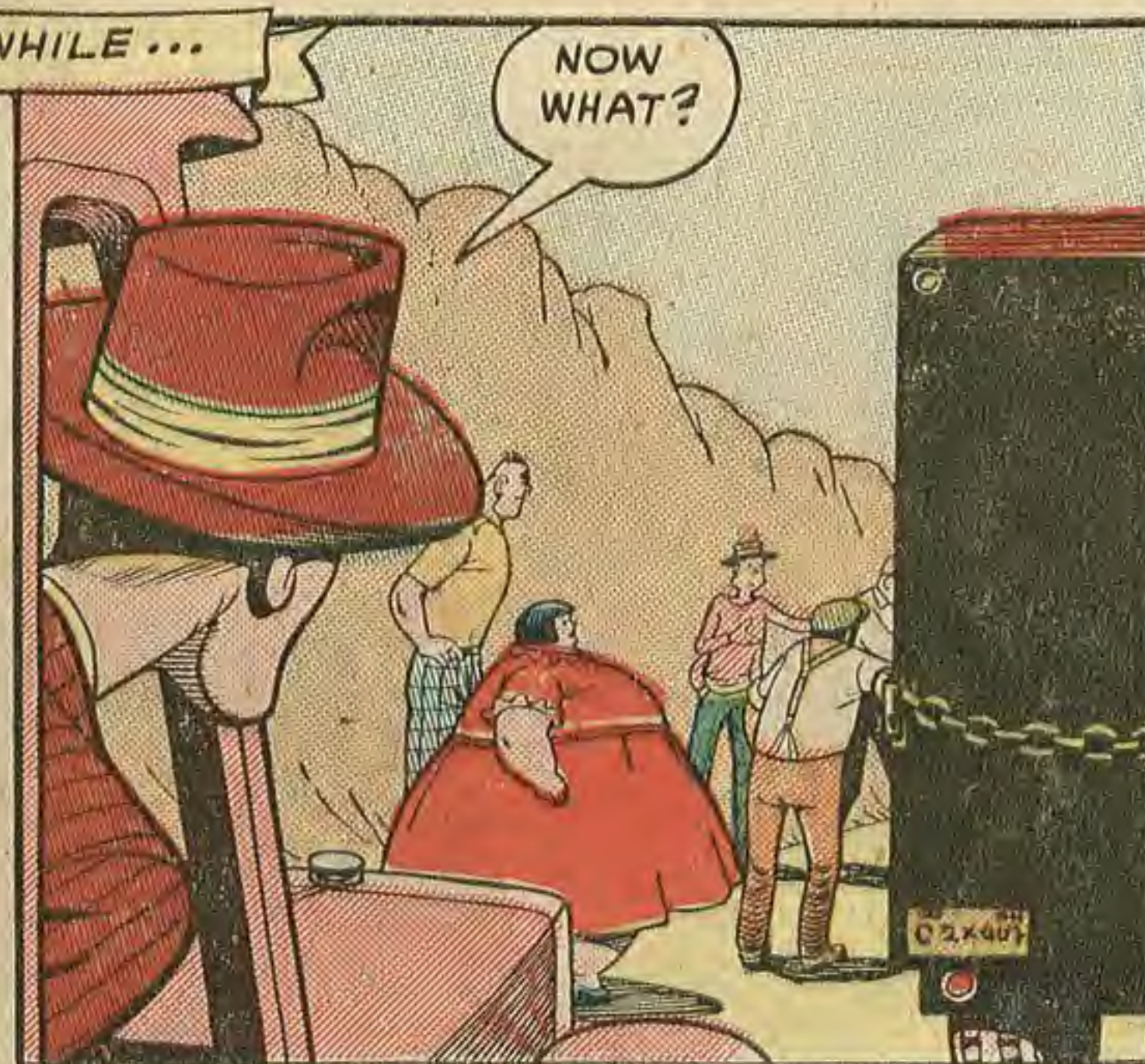
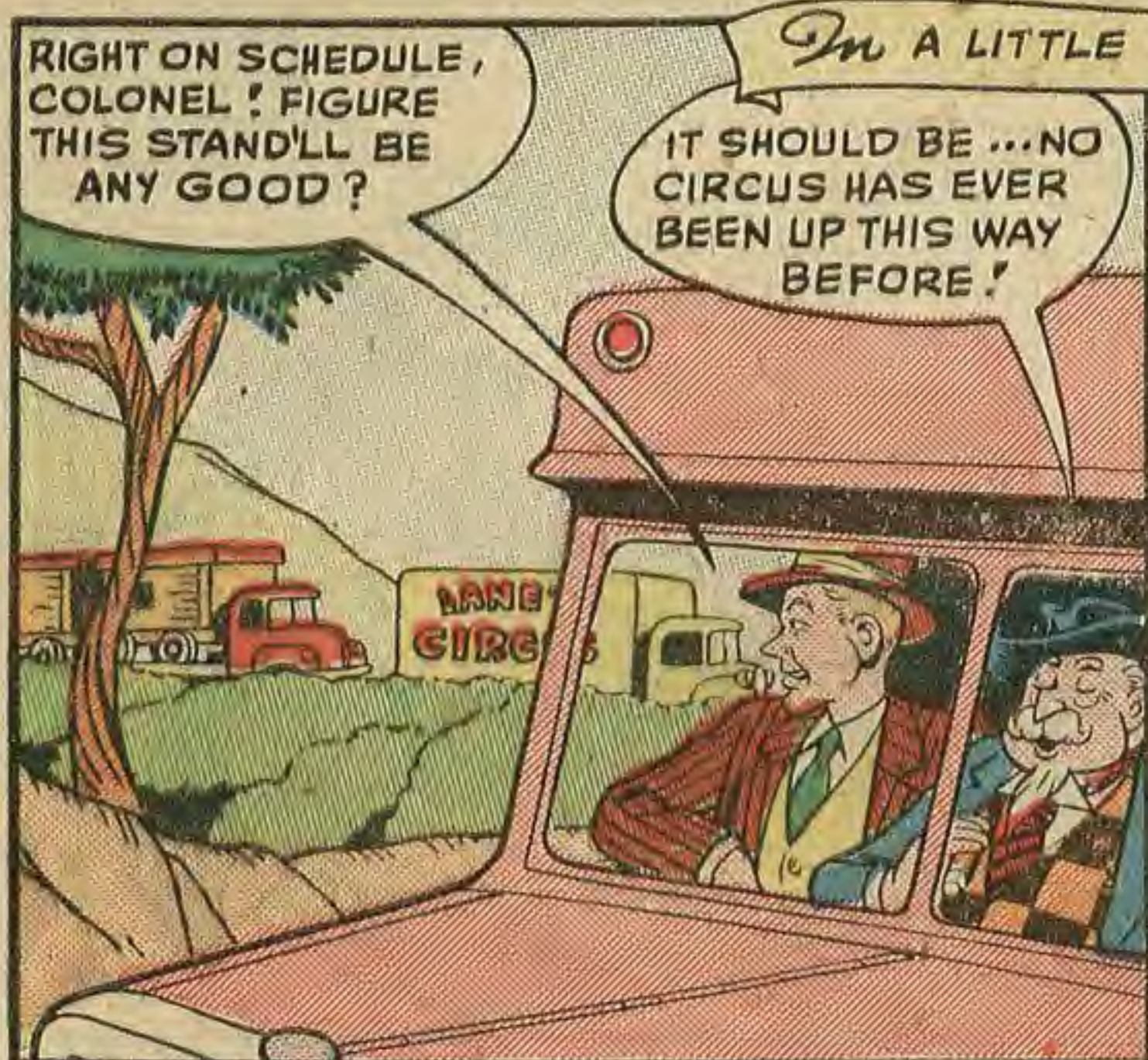
THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP ME  
FROM MAKING AN UNINTERRUPTED  
CLEANUP AS LONG AS I CHOOSE  
TO REMAIN IN THESE  
PARTS... HUH?  
**GRAWK!**



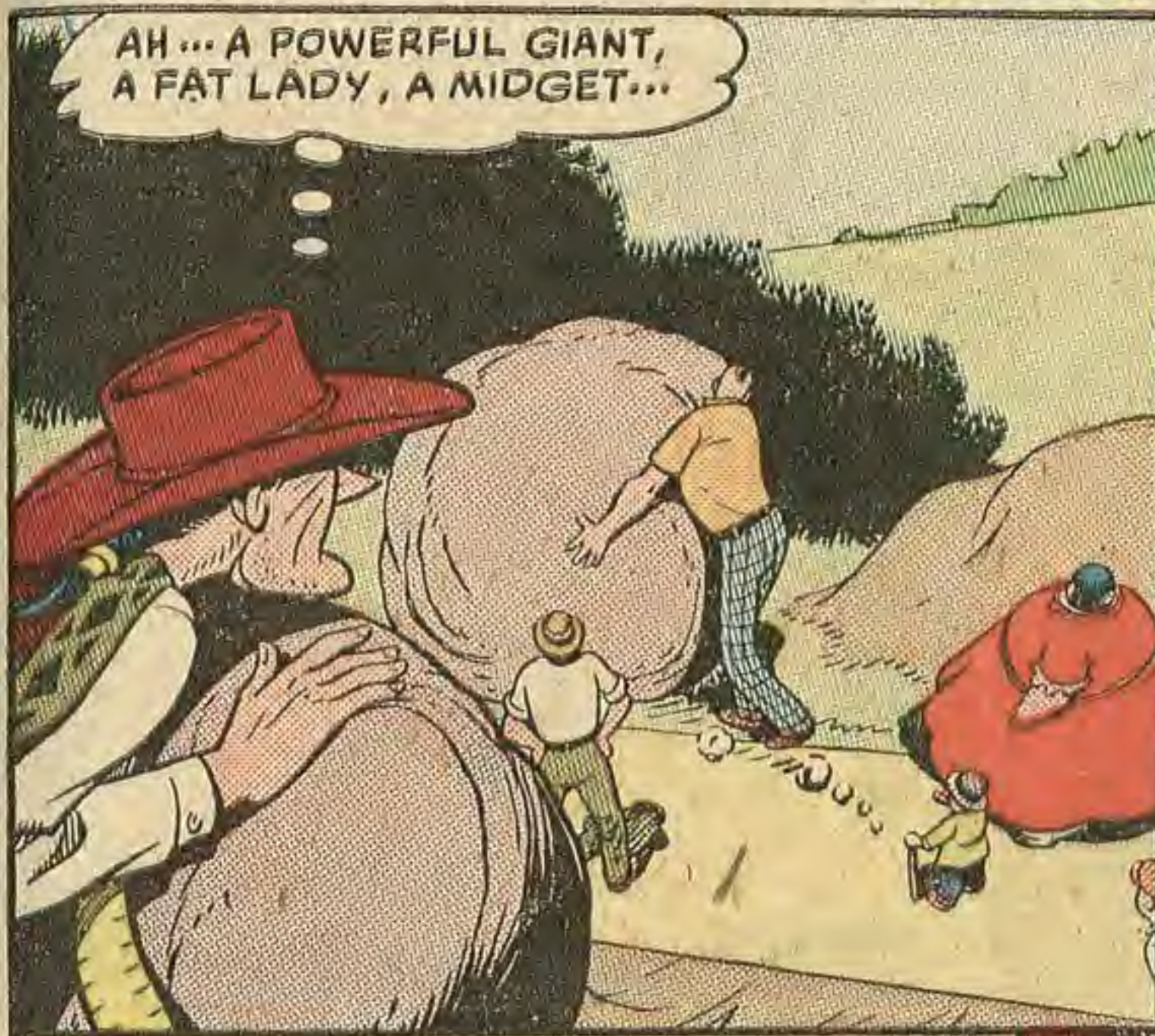










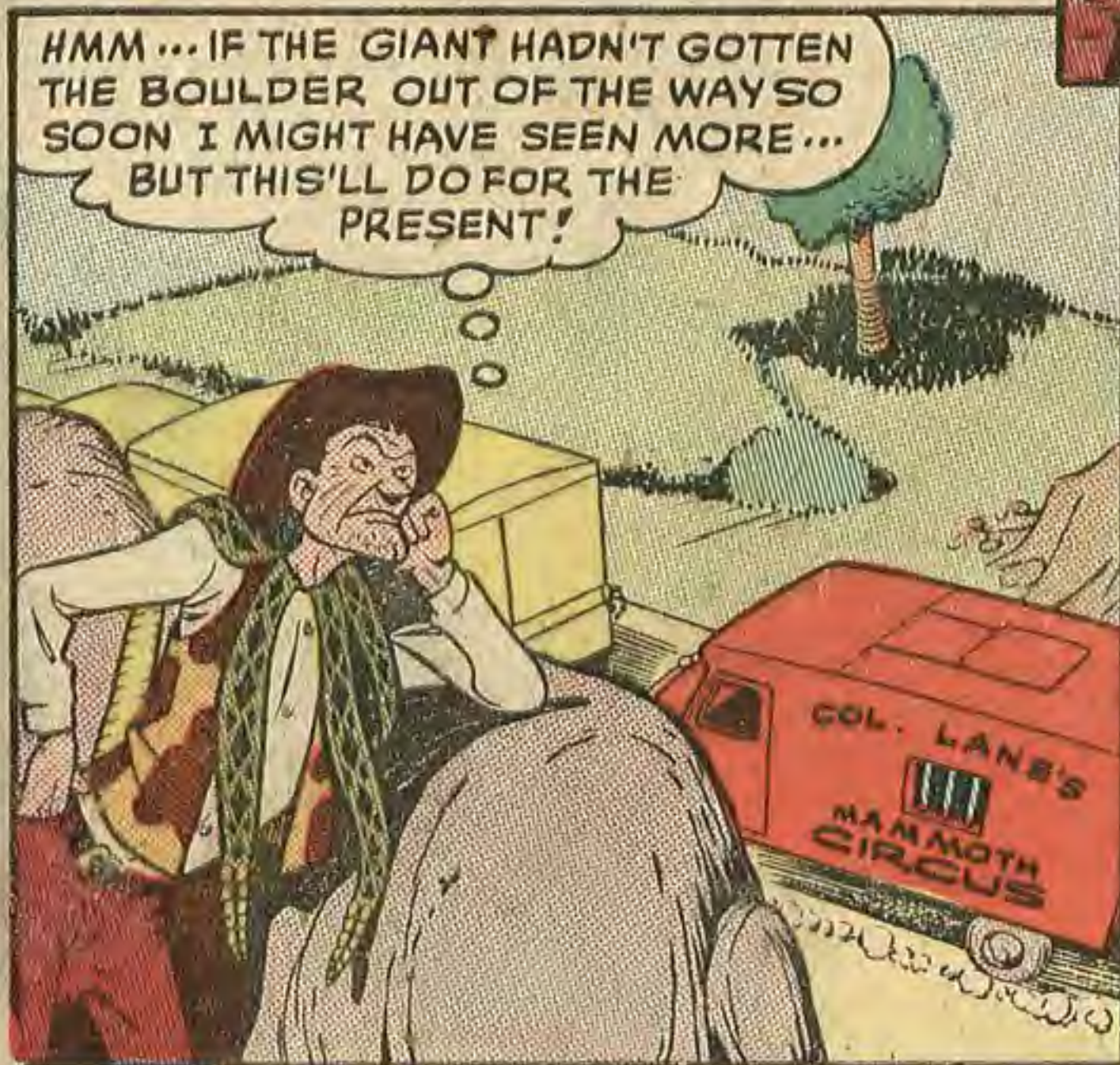


AH... A POWERFUL GIANT,  
A FAT LADY, A MIDGET...

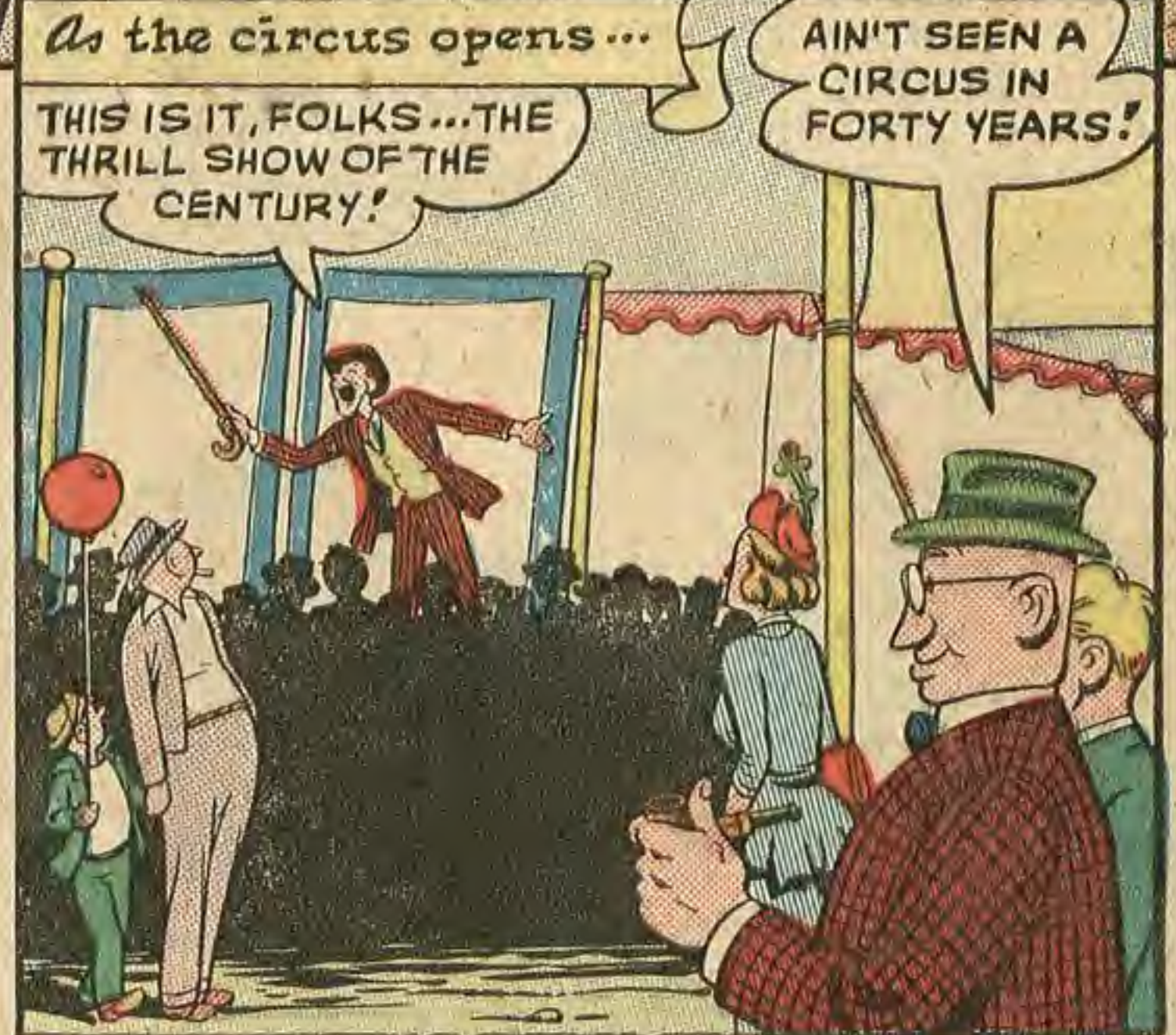


LUCKY IT DIDN'T COME DOWN WHILE WE WERE  
PASSING! HO-HUM! AS IT IS, I'M GLAD FOR A  
CHANCE TO STRETCH!

AND A...A FOUR-  
ARMED WONDER!



HMM... IF THE GIANT HADN'T GOTTEN  
THE BOULDER OUT OF THE WAY SO  
SOON I MIGHT HAVE SEEN MORE...  
BUT THIS'LL DO FOR THE  
PRESENT!



As the circus opens...

THIS IS IT, FOLKS...THE  
THRILL SHOW OF THE  
CENTURY!

AIN'T SEEN A  
CIRCUS IN  
FORTY YEARS!



SNAKE OIL SAM'S  
BEEN SAYING  
THERE'S NOTHING  
IN THIS CIRCUS  
THAT HE CAN'T  
BEAT!

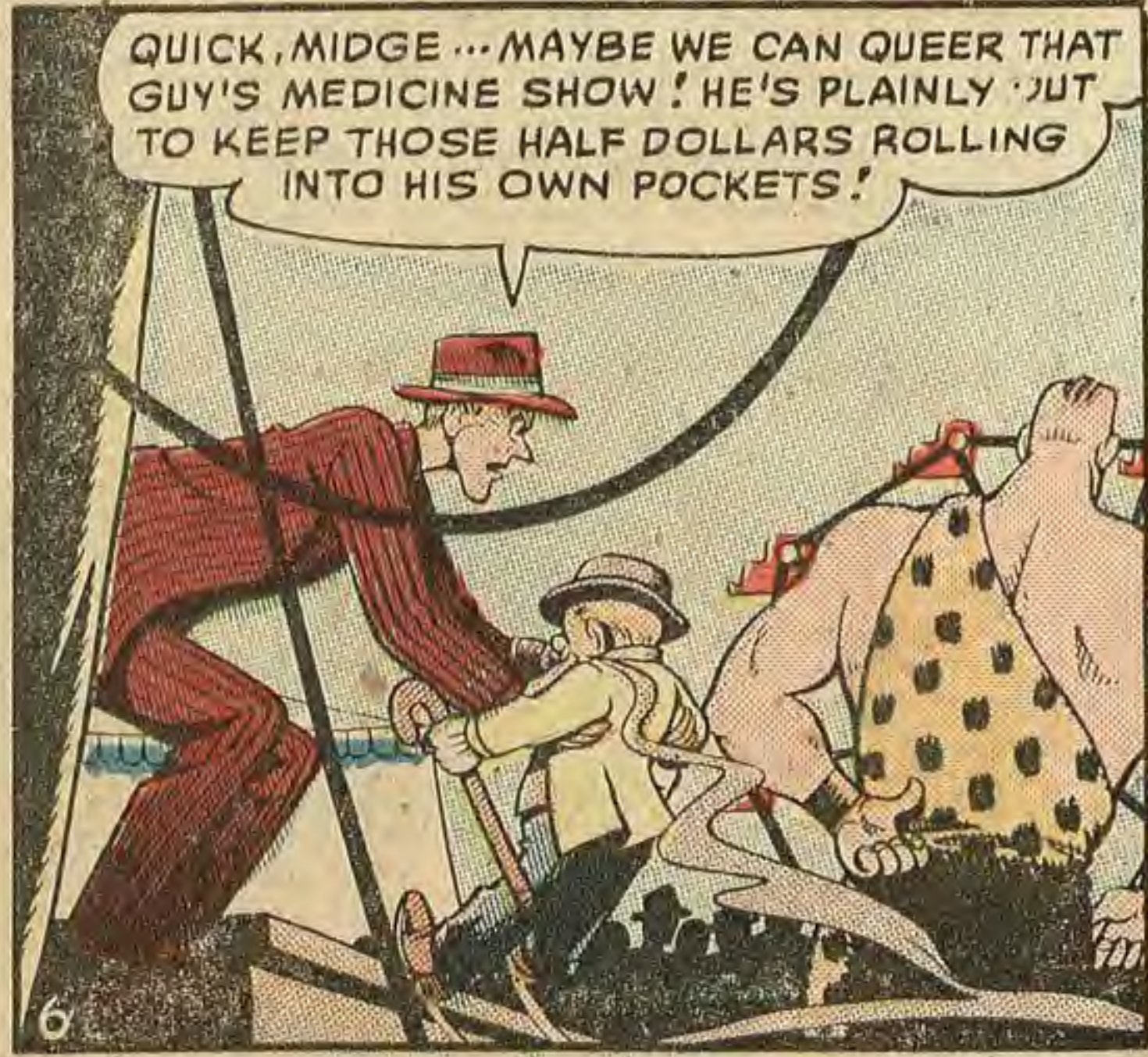
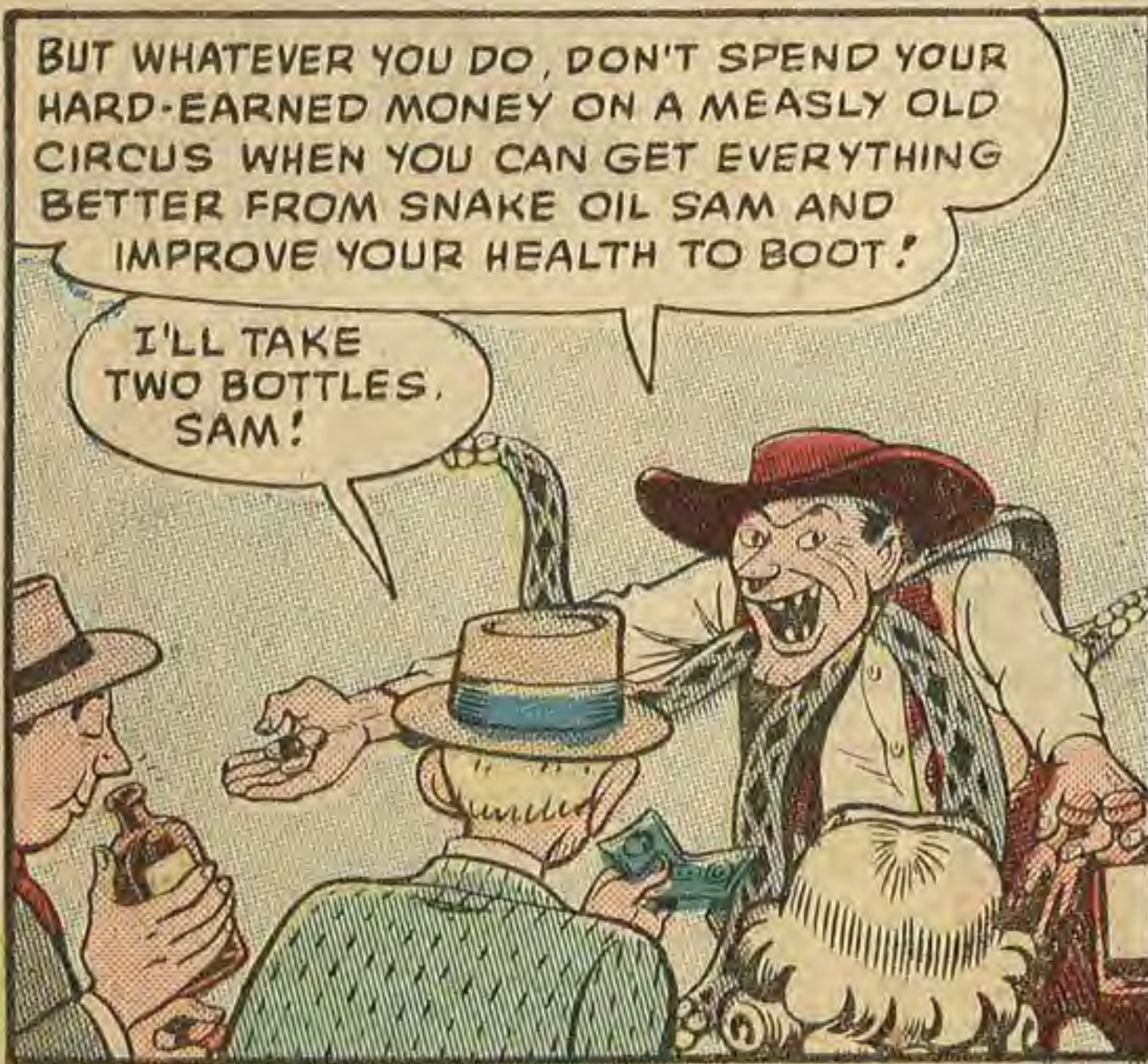
HE PUTS ON A  
PURTY GOOD  
SHOW BUT I DON'T  
RECKON HE'S GOOD  
ENOUGH TO BEAT  
A CIRCUS!



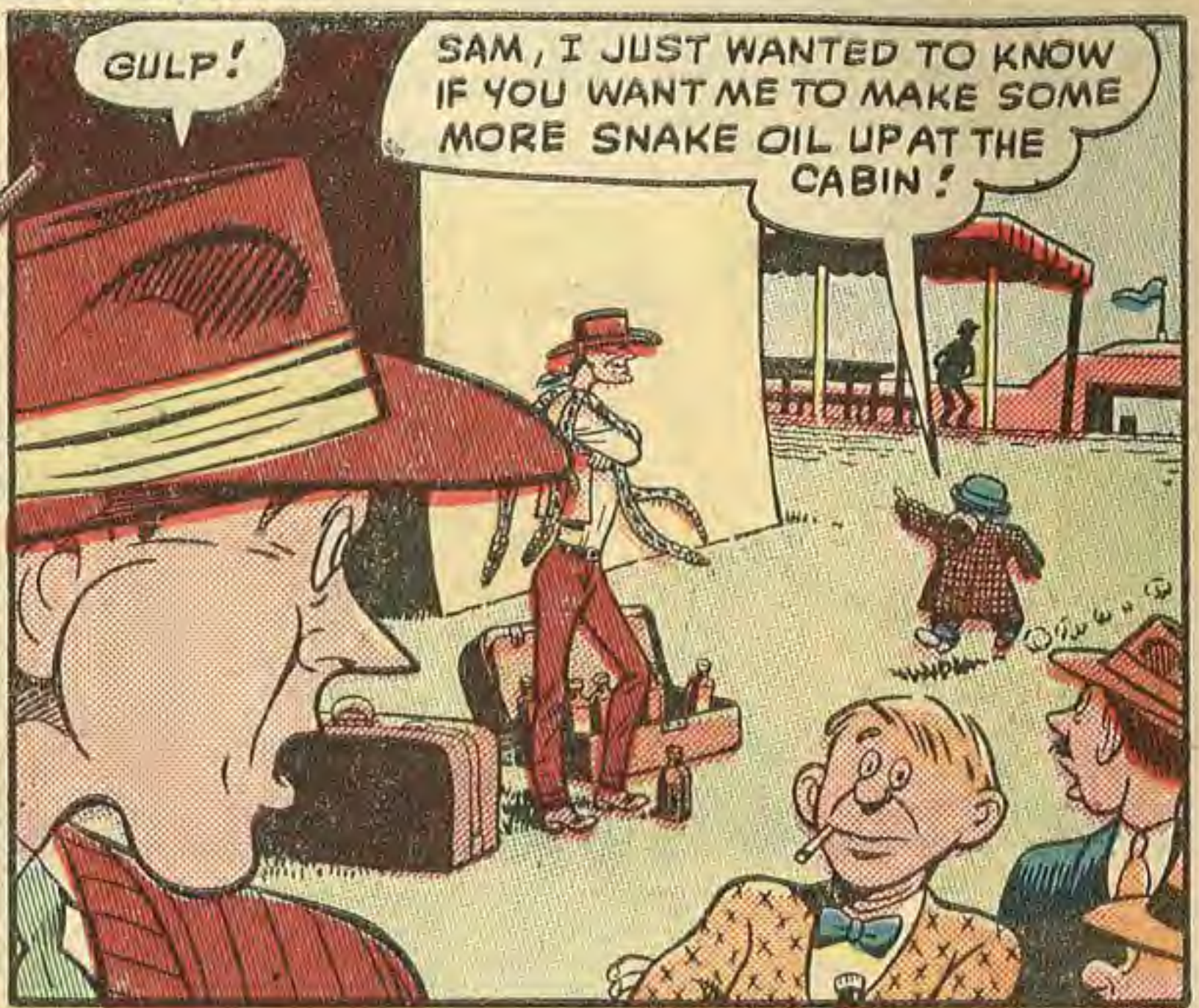
HERE WE GO, KIDS!  
MAKE IT GOOD!

PEOPLE WHO'VE  
NEVER SEEN THE  
CIRCUS SOMETIMES  
TAKE A LOT OF  
PERSUADING!

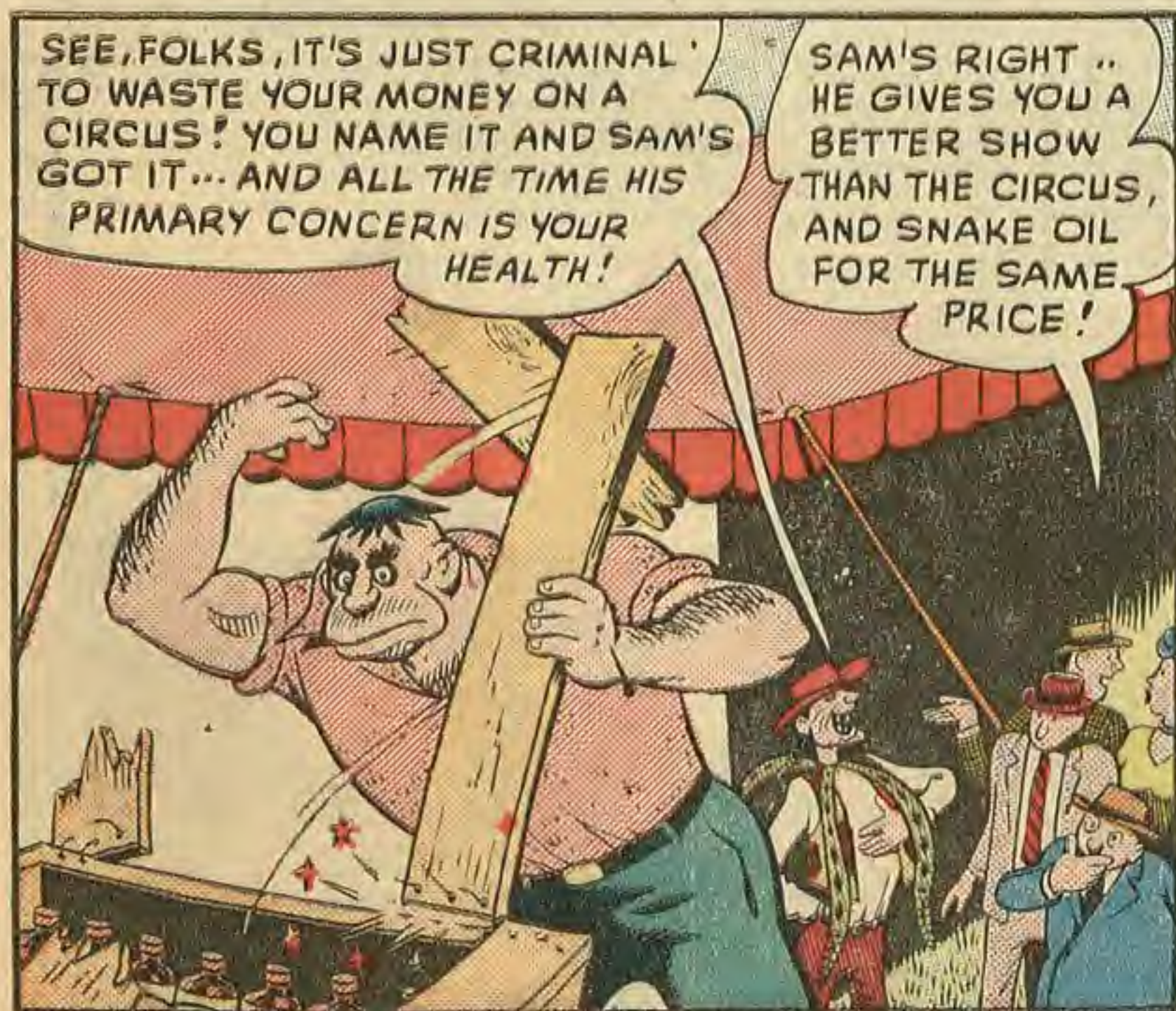
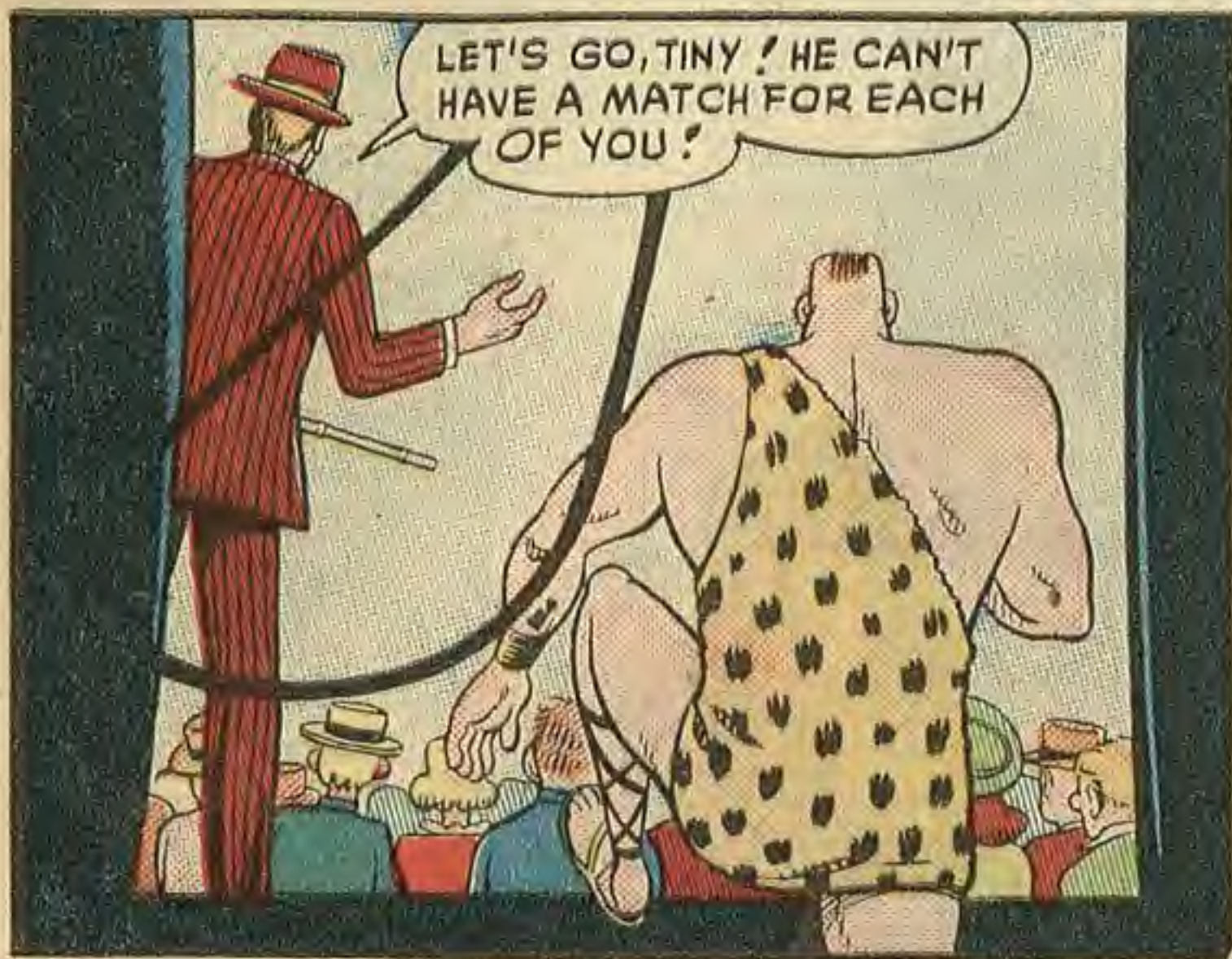














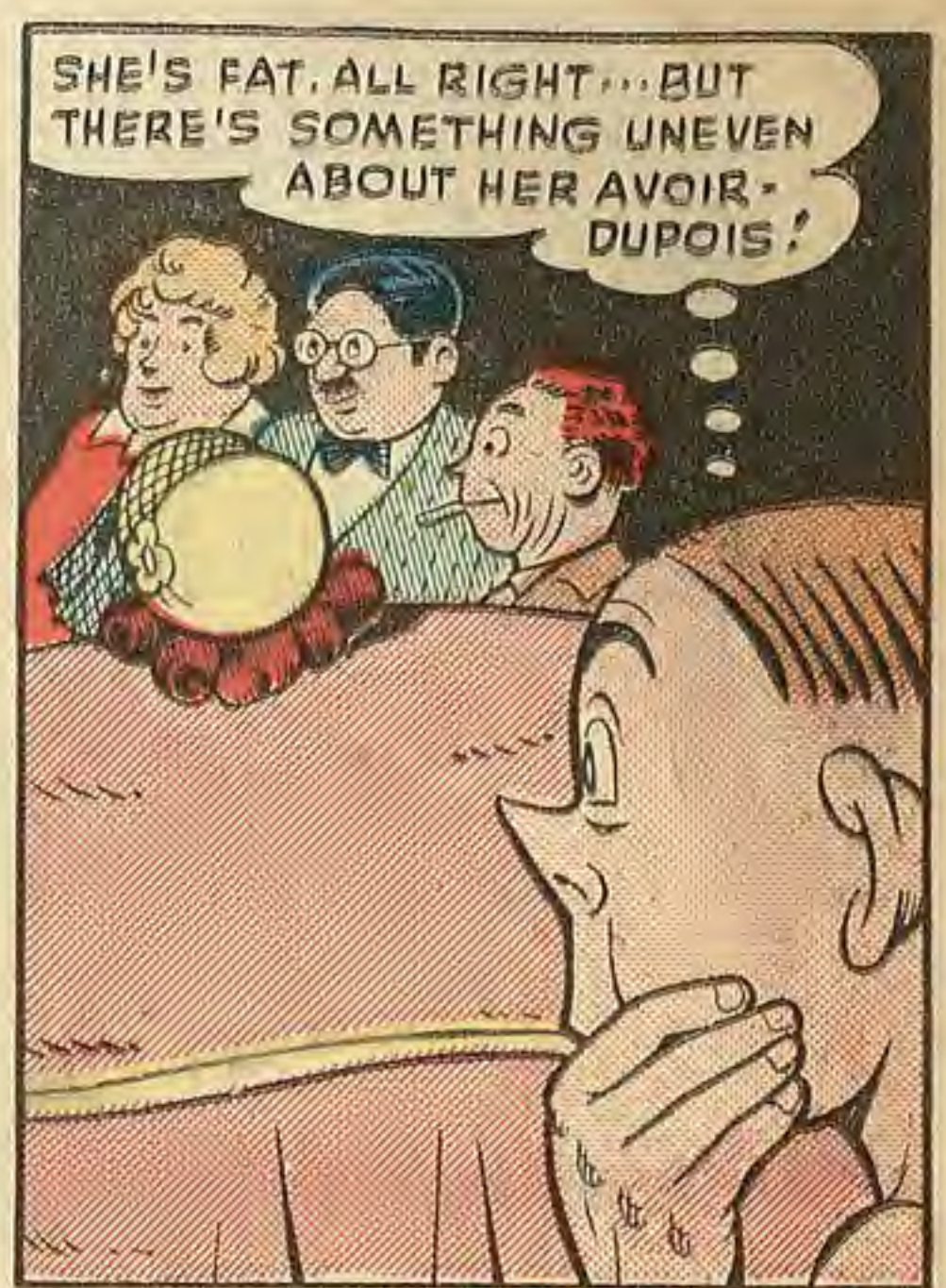


WHAT? AND HAVE THAT SNAKE OIL SALESMAN PRODUCE A SIX-ARMED WONDER? NOT ME!

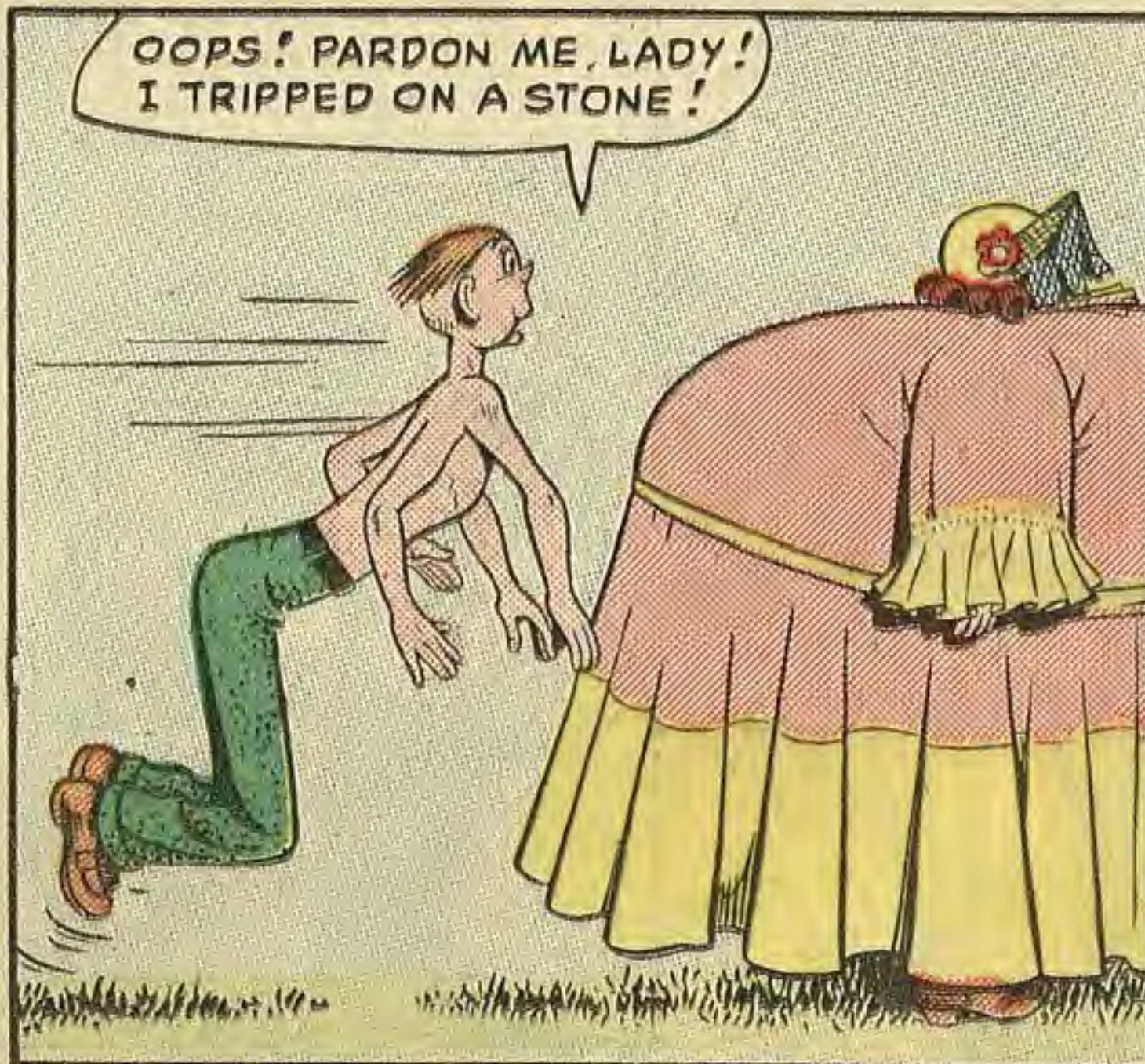


WHERE ARE YOU GOING, SPUDO?

WE'RE THROUGH ANYWAY! LET'S GET A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THAT GUY'S FREAKS!



SHE'S FAT, ALL RIGHT... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING UNEVEN ABOUT HER AVOIR-DUPOIS!



OOPS! PARDON ME, LADY! I TRIPPED ON A STONE!



GOSH! WHAT BOUNCE!

SEE HERE, MY MAN, IF YOU'RE TRYING TO START SOMETHING...



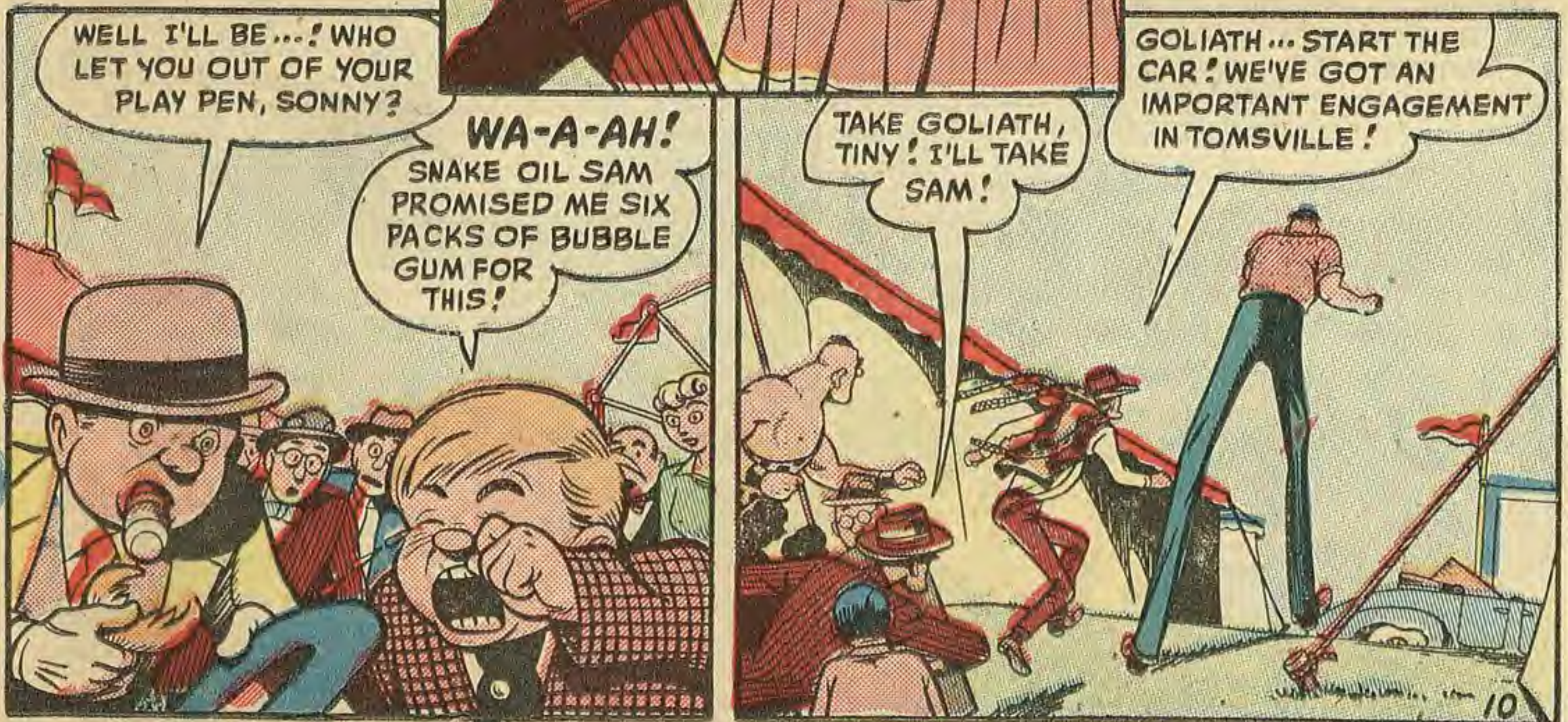
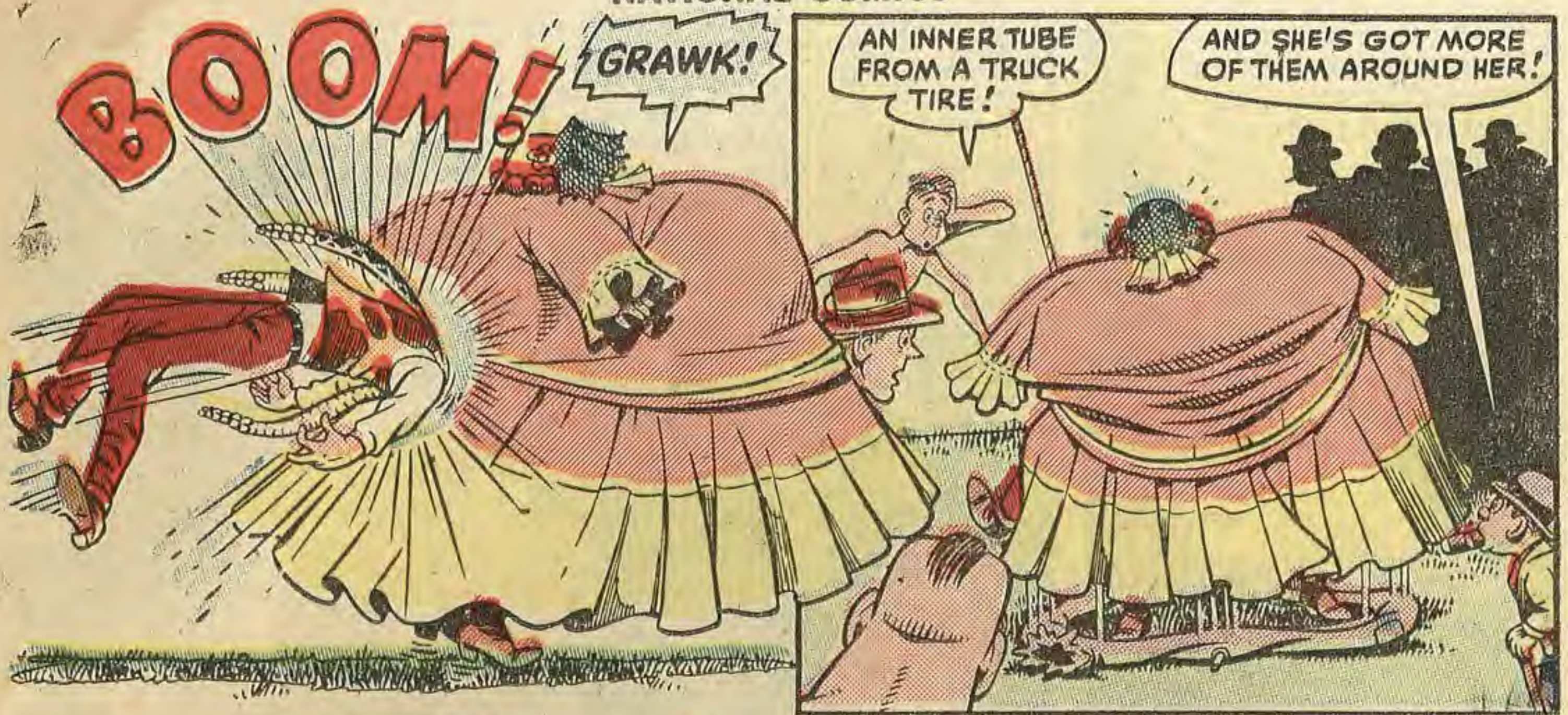
...YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

I MEANT NO OFFENSE!



BUT IF YOU MUST GET ROUGH, I MUST TOO!









IMAGINE MAKING LUKE HEPPY'S YOUNG 'UN HELP HIM IN A SWINDLE LIKE THIS! THAT SNAKE OIL SAM'S JUST NO GOOD!

HOLD IT, SAM... YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE YOUR GOOD FRIENDS WITHOUT SAYING GOOD-BYE, WOULD YOU?



YIPE! NOW YOU BROKE MY STILTS!

CRUNCH!

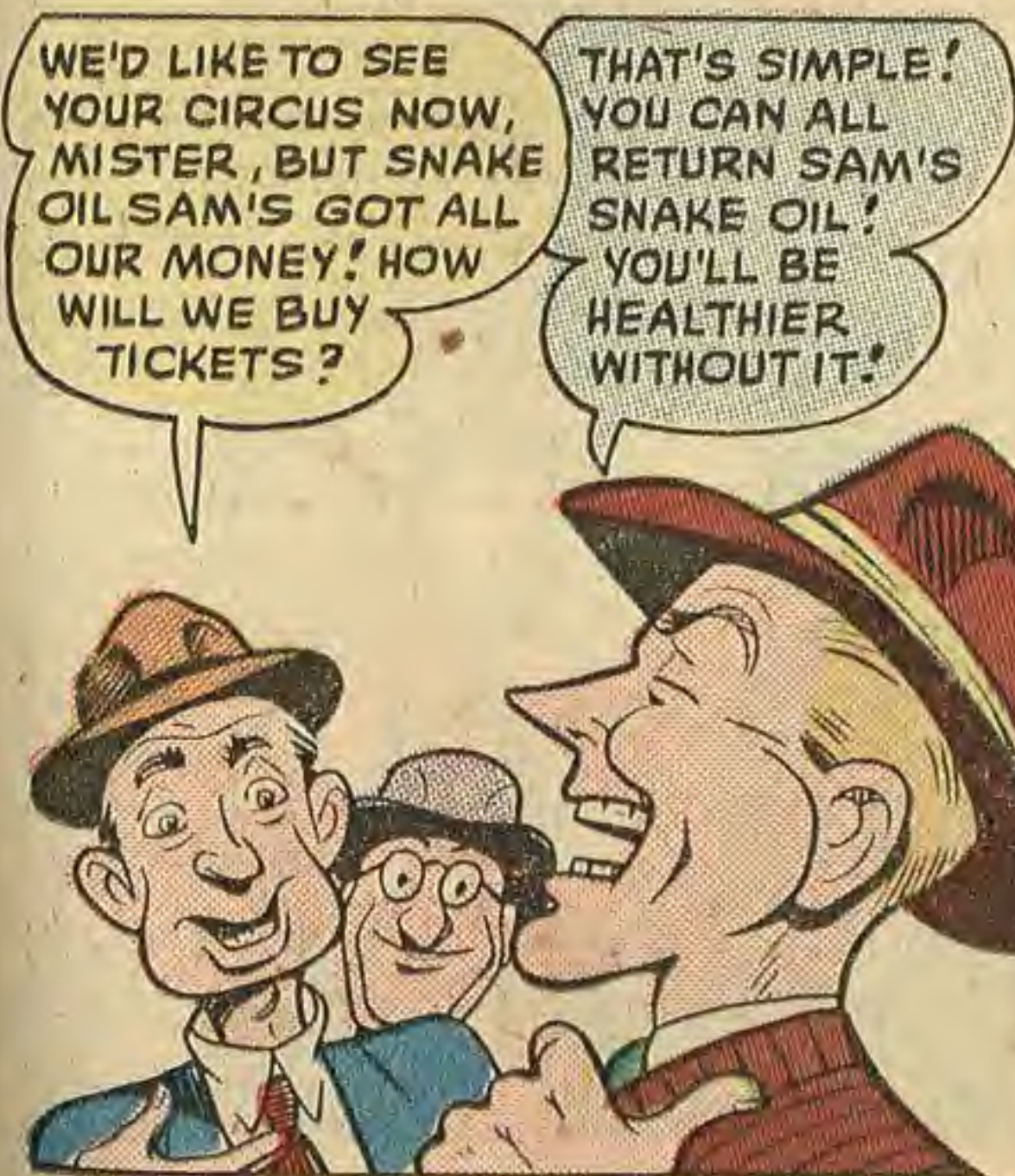


YOU ALSO LOST YOUR MOUTHPIECE! HMM... YOU DON'T LOOK SO FIERCE WITHOUT IT!



WHY, SNAKE OIL SAM'S GIANT WAS ONLY THE BLACK-SMITH FROM TOMSVILLE!

DISGUISED A LITTLE! AS YOU CAN SEE, FOLKS, I WASN'T FOOLING WHEN I SAID THAT COLONEL LANE'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS HAS THE WORLD'S GREATEST CURIOSITIES!



WE'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR CIRCUS NOW, MISTER, BUT SNAKE OIL SAM'S GOT ALL OUR MONEY! HOW WILL WE BUY TICKETS?

THAT'S SIMPLE! YOU CAN ALL RETURN SAM'S SNAKE OIL! YOU'LL BE HEALTHIER WITHOUT IT!



AND SAM'LL INVEST YOUR MONEY IN ADMISSION TICKETS FOR THE CIRCUS! THAT'S THE WAY, SAM!

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE DROPPED THAT BOULDER ON YOU GUYS INSTEAD OF IN FRONT OF YOU!



# Sally O'Neil

YOU KNOW THE OLD SAYING ABOUT THERE BEING NO HONOR AMONG THIEVES! WELL, SALLY O'NEIL, POLICEWOMAN, LEARNS THAT THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS BROTHERLY LOVE EITHER! AND SHE LEARNS IT NEARLY AT THE COST OF HER LIFE, WHEN SHE MEETS UP WITH THE INFAMOUS AND DEADLY FORD BROTHERS!



WHO'S THE DEFENDANT, HARRY? ANYBODY I KNOW?

HIS NAME IS FRANK FORD! JUST A SMALL-TIME RACKETEER! HE'S UP ON A MISDEMEANOR CHARGE THIS TIME!

BUT HIS BROTHER IS JAMES FORD! YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM, SALLY!

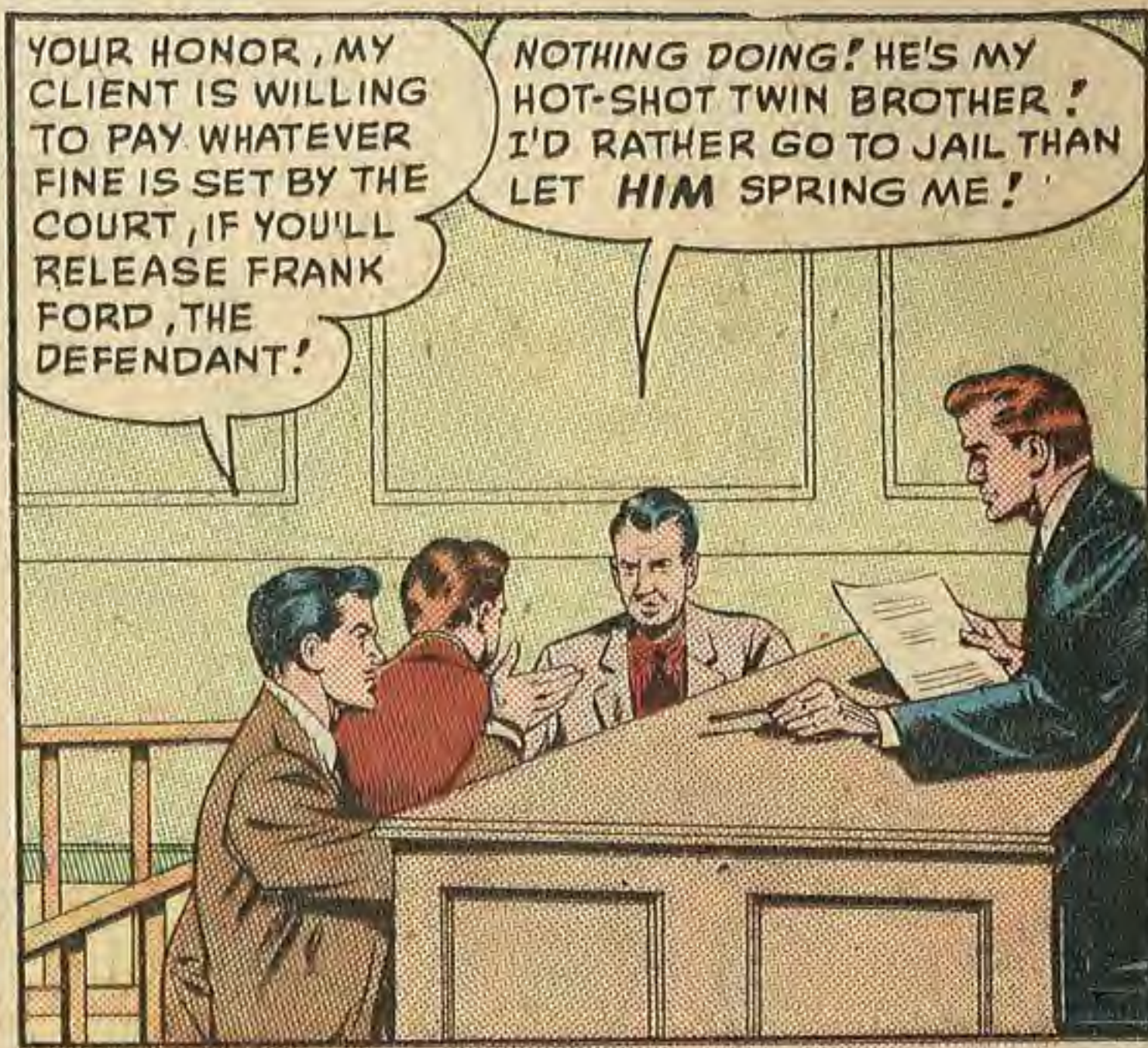
WHO HASN'T? CRIMEDOM'S NUMBER-ONE BOY THESE DAYS! HE'S ALMOST AS BIG AS HE THINKS HE IS!







SPEAK OF THE DEVIL! HERE'S JAMES FORD NOW! AND HE'S GOT HIS FAVORITE SHYSTER TAGGING AT HIS HEELS!



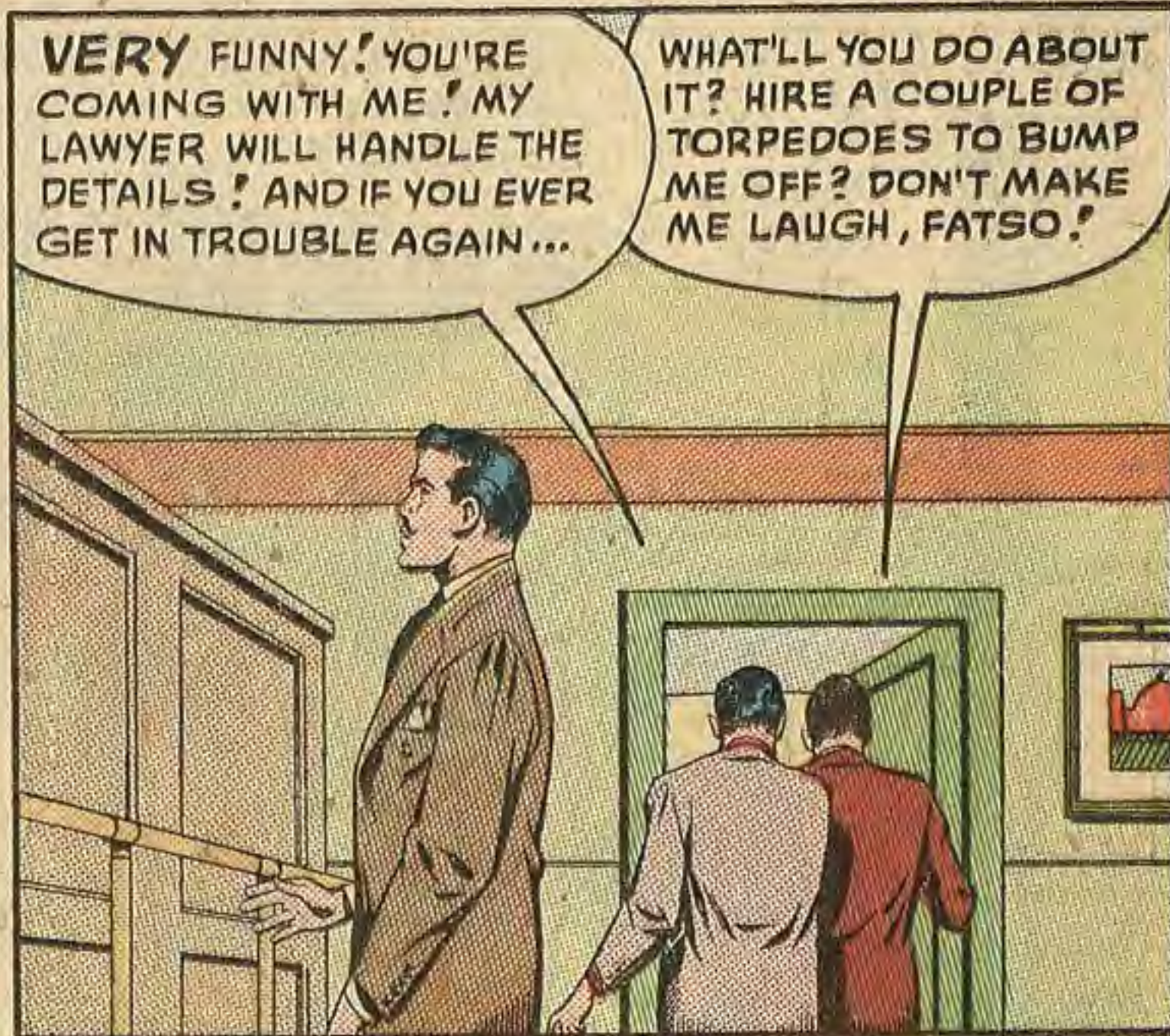
YOUR HONOR, MY CLIENT IS WILLING TO PAY WHATEVER FINE IS SET BY THE COURT, IF YOU'LL RELEASE FRANK FORD, THE DEFENDANT!

NOTHING DOING! HE'S MY HOT-SHOT TWIN BROTHER! I'D RATHER GO TO JAIL THAN LET HIM SPRING ME!



WHY, YOU LITTLE PUNK! I'D LET YOU ROT IN JAIL! BUT HOW WOULD IT LOOK IF WORD GOT OUT THAT MY TWIN BROTHER WAS JAILED ON A MISDEMEANOR!

IT'D LOOK LIKE YOU WEREN'T SUCH A LITTLE TIN GOD! AND THAT'S FINE WITH ME!



VERY FUNNY! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME! MY LAWYER WILL HANDLE THE DETAILS! AND IF YOU EVER GET IN TROUBLE AGAIN...

WHAT'LL YOU DO ABOUT IT? HIRE A COUPLE OF TORPEDOES TO BUMP ME OFF? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, FATSO!



HMM! THERE ISN'T ANY LOVE LOST BETWEEN THE FORD BROTHERS! I THINK THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

OF COURSE WE'D LIKE TO GET THE GOODS ON JAMES FORD, SALLY! BUT HE'S A SMOOTH OPERATOR! ALWAYS MANAGES TO STAY OUT OF SCRAPES!

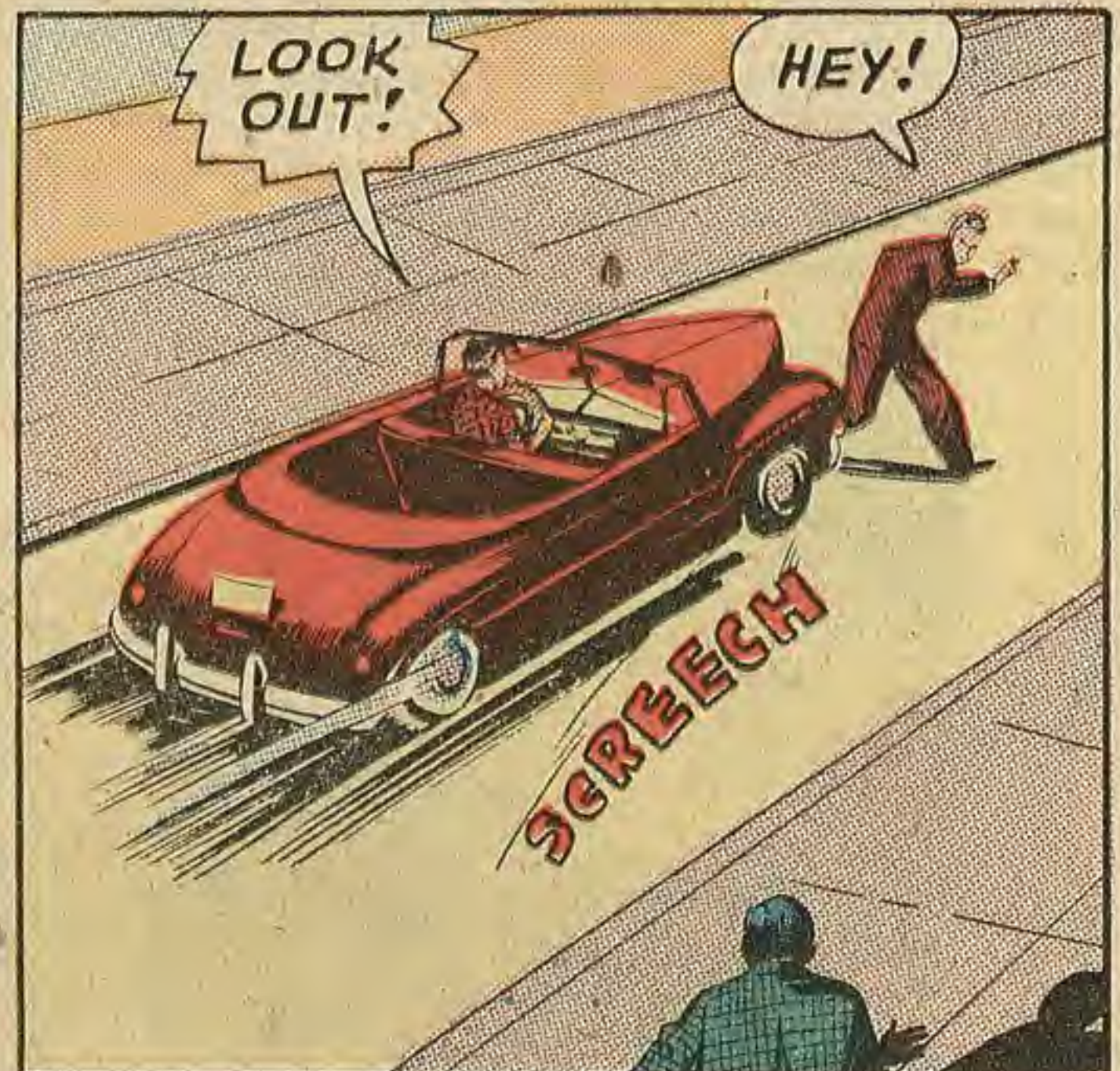
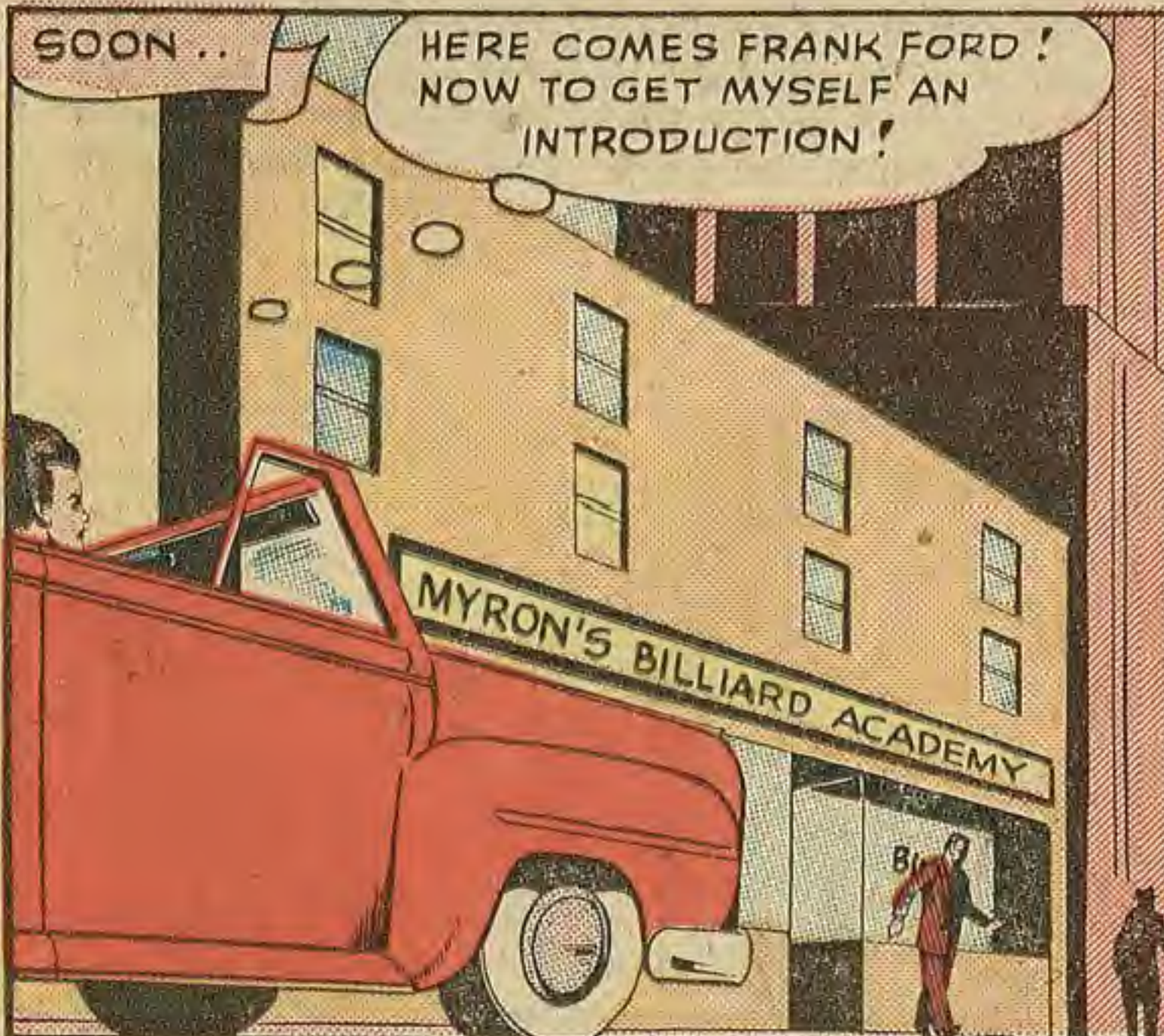
HE'S GOT HIS THUMB IN TOO MANY PIES! THERE MUST BE A WAY OF PROVING HE'S THE BRAINS BEHIND THE CRIME RING!



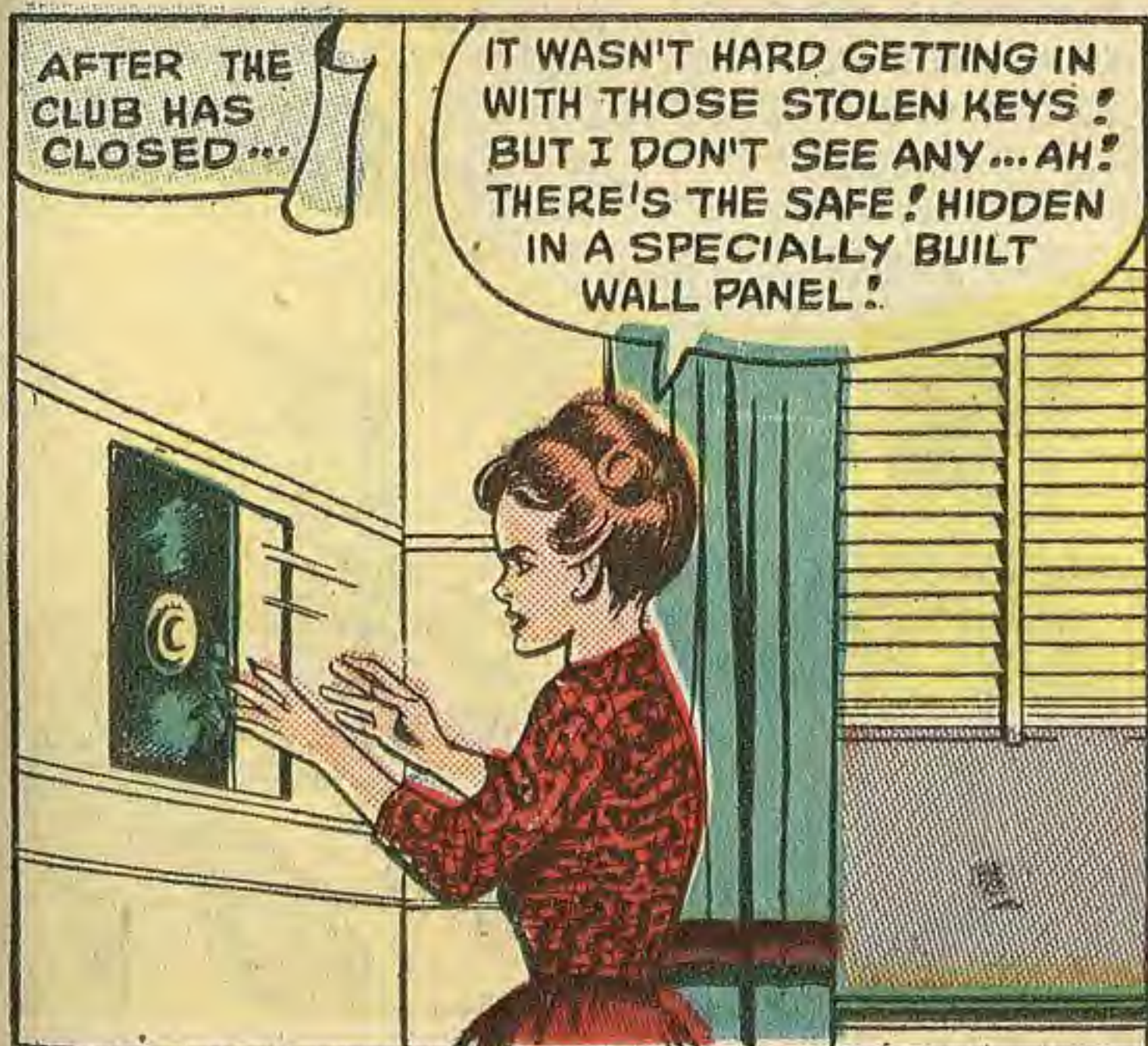
I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT I CAN WORK IT THROUGH HIS BROTHER! IF I CAN WANGLE A SPECIAL DUTY ASSIGNMENT TO COVER THE CASE...

THAT COULD BE ARRANGED! YOU'VE NEVER LET US DOWN YET, SALLY!













THERE! THAT DID IT!



NICE GOING, SISTER! AND TO THINK I HAD YOU TAGGED FOR A PRETTY LITTLE SIMPLETON! BUT I STARTED WONDERING WHEN I SAW YOU LIFT THE KEYS OUT OF MY BROTHER'S POCKET!

FRANK!



BUT I'M GLAD I DIDN'T INTERRUPT TILL NOW! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE WHAT MY DEAR BROTHER KEPT IN HERE!

WH-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



I'M GOING TO BURN ONE OF THESE PAPERS! MY BROTHER'S BEEN HOLDING IT OVER MY HEAD FOR YEARS TO MAKE ME TOE THE LINE! IT HAPPENS TO PROVE I WAS MIXED UP IN A KILLING DURING A ROBBERY A FEW YEARS AGO!

YOU HATE HIM, DON'T YOU?



WELL, I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA! THERE'S ENOUGH EVIDENCE HERE TO SEND YOUR BROTHER TO THE CHAIR! **YOU** COULD TAKE OVER AND BE THE BIG BOSS!

NOT A BAD IDEA! BUT WHAT'S **YOUR** ANGLE?



NOTHING MUCH, REALLY! I WAS JUST WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO DO **THIS!**

OWWW! WHY, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING...



TSK! TSK! NO BAD LANGUAGE, PLEASE! YOU'RE IN THE PRESENCE OF A LADY!

**KARASH!**

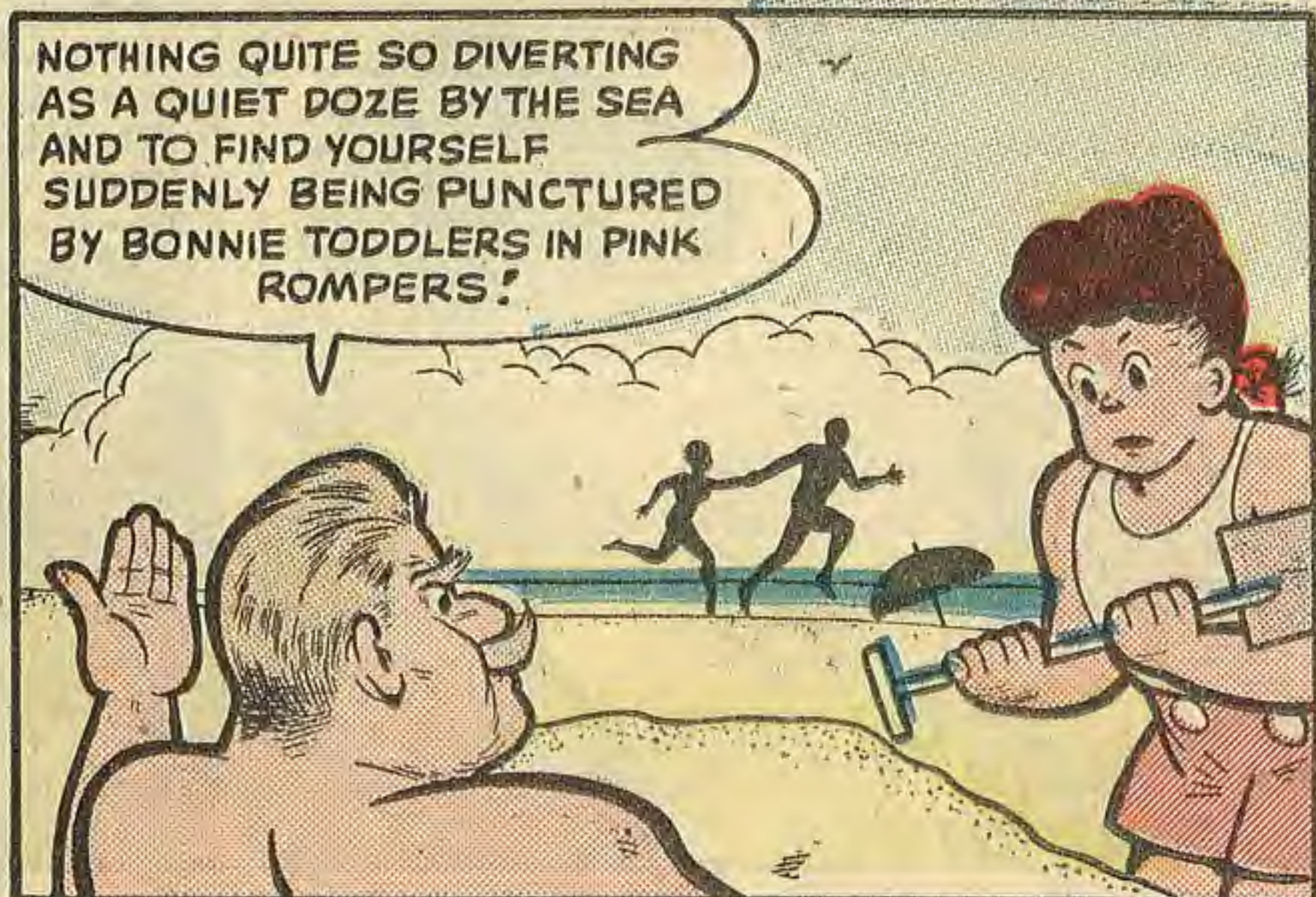
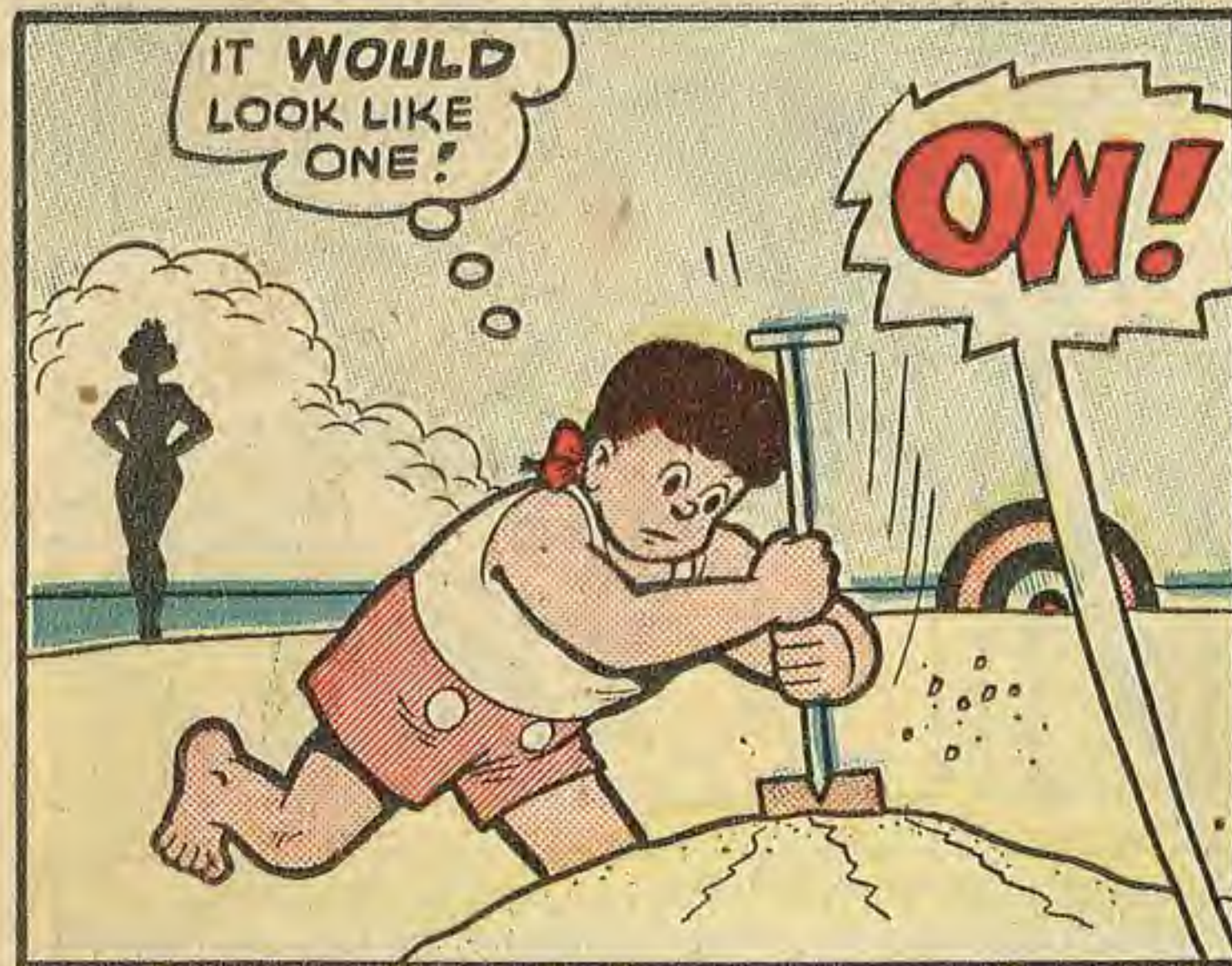






# LASSIE

















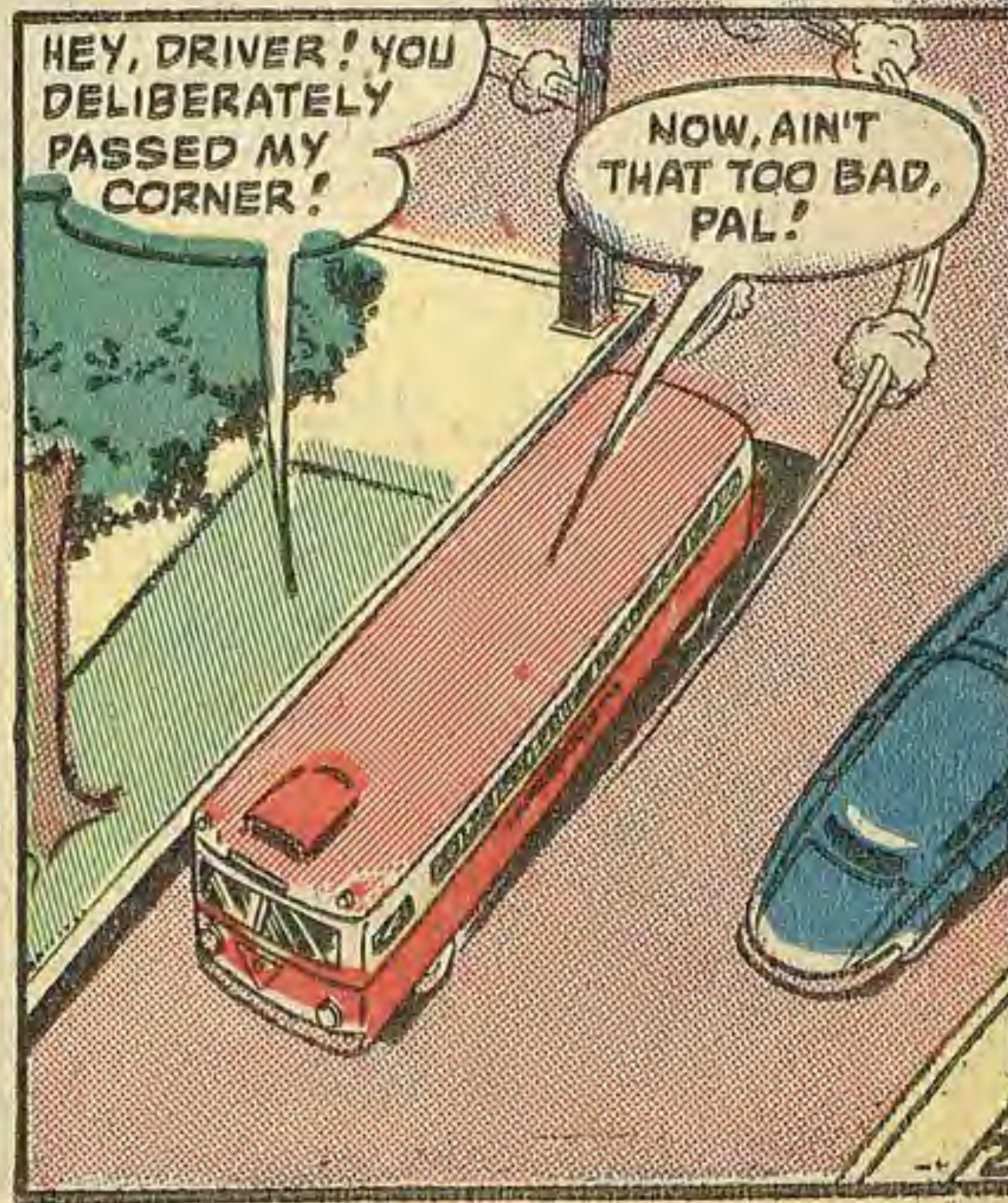


BUT MIGGS!  
THERE'S NO  
HARM IN PICKING  
UP SOME EASY  
MONEY, IS  
THERE?

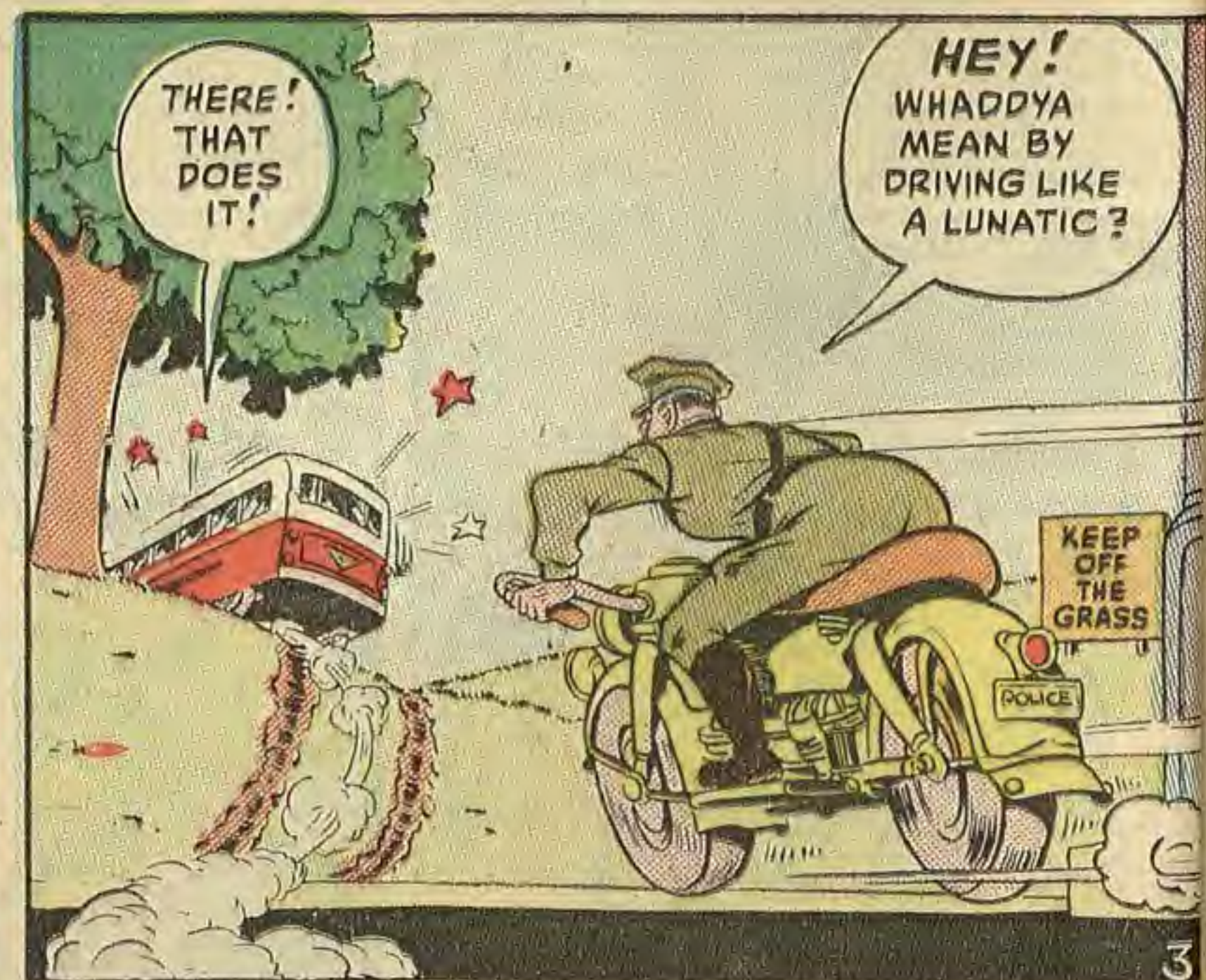
H  
O  
N  
E  
Y  
B  
U  
N

















# LICENSE FEE

THE roustabouts were busy in the gray dawn, setting up Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus on the big lot. Colonel Lane himself, with Carnie Calahan, the barker, watched the blossoming miracle with pride. Suddenly Lena, the fat girl, Major Midge, the midget, and Tiny, the giant, edged close. Major Midge nudged Carnie. "Hey, Carnie, who's the smart rube with the smirk over there?"

Carnie turned, frowning. A paunchy man stood back, watching, a grin of secret amusement on his fat face. Something about the figure aroused Carnie's anger. "We'll soon see, boys."

"Now, Carnie," Colonel Lane said. "Don't antagonize customers."

"You should know Carnie," Lena said. "He never starts trouble; but brother, how he can finish it."

Carnie, with the others trailing, approached the smirking man. "Looking for something special, friend?"

The fat man eyed him with an insolent stare. "Why, yes," he drawled. "I was looking for the license fee you canvas-backs haven't paid for giving an entertainment in this town."

"License fee?" Colonel Lane bleated, pushing forward. "Now see here, my good man, nothing was said about license fees for giving an entertainment. I paid for my regular show license. . . ."

"We must have forgotten the other," the fat man leered. "You can pay me now or you don't show. Five hundred bucks—cash."

"It's a dirty steal," Carnie raged. "Don't pay him a cent, Colonel. Who does he think he is, anyhow?"

"Me?" the fat man drawled. "I'm just Sam Denham, mayor and town clerk, son. And my brother is constable—sb pay or seram."

"We're licked," Colonel Lane panted. "We can't afford a grab like that. He purposely waited until we'd gone to the expense of moving here and setting up, knowing we stood to lose plenty either way."

"Wait," Carnie said, holding the raging Major Midge back. "Give us until show time to decide, friend. If we go on, we pay up. If not, we'll clear out. Isn't that fair enough? We can at least see how the crowd looks before we decide."

"All right," Denham grunted. "But no tricks. I run this town and I've got you wise guys over a barrel. I'll be here at show time to collect or boot you out of town."

"Why didn't you let me slug the rat?"

Major Midge panted as the fat Denham strolled off, chuckling.

"I've got a better idea," Carnie growled. "Wait for me. I want to visit town for an hour or two. I'll be back."

Promptly at showtime the fat Denham came pushing through the gathering crowd. Carnie saw him coming, whispered a last instruction to Colonel Lane and vanished toward the Big Top. Colonel Lane waited for Denham. "We've decided to pay your blackmail, suh. Follow me and I'll get my reserve cash fund. You'll appreciate that I have to hide my spare cash when we're set up like this. One never knows how many crooks may be wandering around."

Denham glared at the dig but nodded. "Okay, whiskers. Lead on, and no tricks or I'll find a legal way to snatch your show."

Colonel Lane led the fat man around a tangle of tent guys and stakes to a point where the sidewall of the Big Top was loose. He lifted the canvas, revealing a dark tunnel beyond. "In here, suh. It's a little secret room we circus people use for valuables."

In inky darkness, the Colonel halted and there was the sound of rustling bills. His voice seemed to boom in the hollow silence of the inner tent. "Let me get this straight, suh. We pay you an extra license fee of five hundred dollars. Right? What is that for?"

Denham chuckled. "Call it the hospital fund, chum. The point is, either pay me now or I'll attach the show for ground rent."

"Here you are," Colonel Lane said and laid a thick packet of money in Denham's hand. Simultaneously the canvas walls around them seemed to whip upward and then the two were outlined in a blaze of floodlights.

Whirling, Denham stood holding the money, gaping at the vast expanse of the Big Top main tent and at the thousands of people who thronged the seats, watching the exchange and hearing every word on the loudspeakers. Now a great roar of rage went up and the crowd began to surge forward. Denham whirled to flee but Carnie's fist met his jaw as Major Midge's cane tripped his feet. A moment later he was hustled away by a roaring crowd.

Putting back the money that had been given him again, Colonel Lane chuckled. "Pretty smart, Carnie. You found out the town hated Denham's rule and were itching to catch him red-handed in a steal. Staging the bribe right here in the Big Top was a masterpiece. And now—on with the show."



# Steve WOOD

Death embraces a yachting party and points an icy finger at Steve Wood, waterfront detective!



I'LL FEEL BETTER IF YOU'RE HERE, STEVE! BRING YOUR BEAUTIFUL SECRETARY AND COME AS IF YOU WERE GUESTS!

RIGHTO, LINDLEY! WE'LL BE AT THE DOCK IN AN HOUR!

RUSH HOME AND TOSS SOME DUDS INTO A SUITCASE, SALLY! YOU AND I ARE INVITED TO RUSS LINDLEY'S YACHTING PARTY!

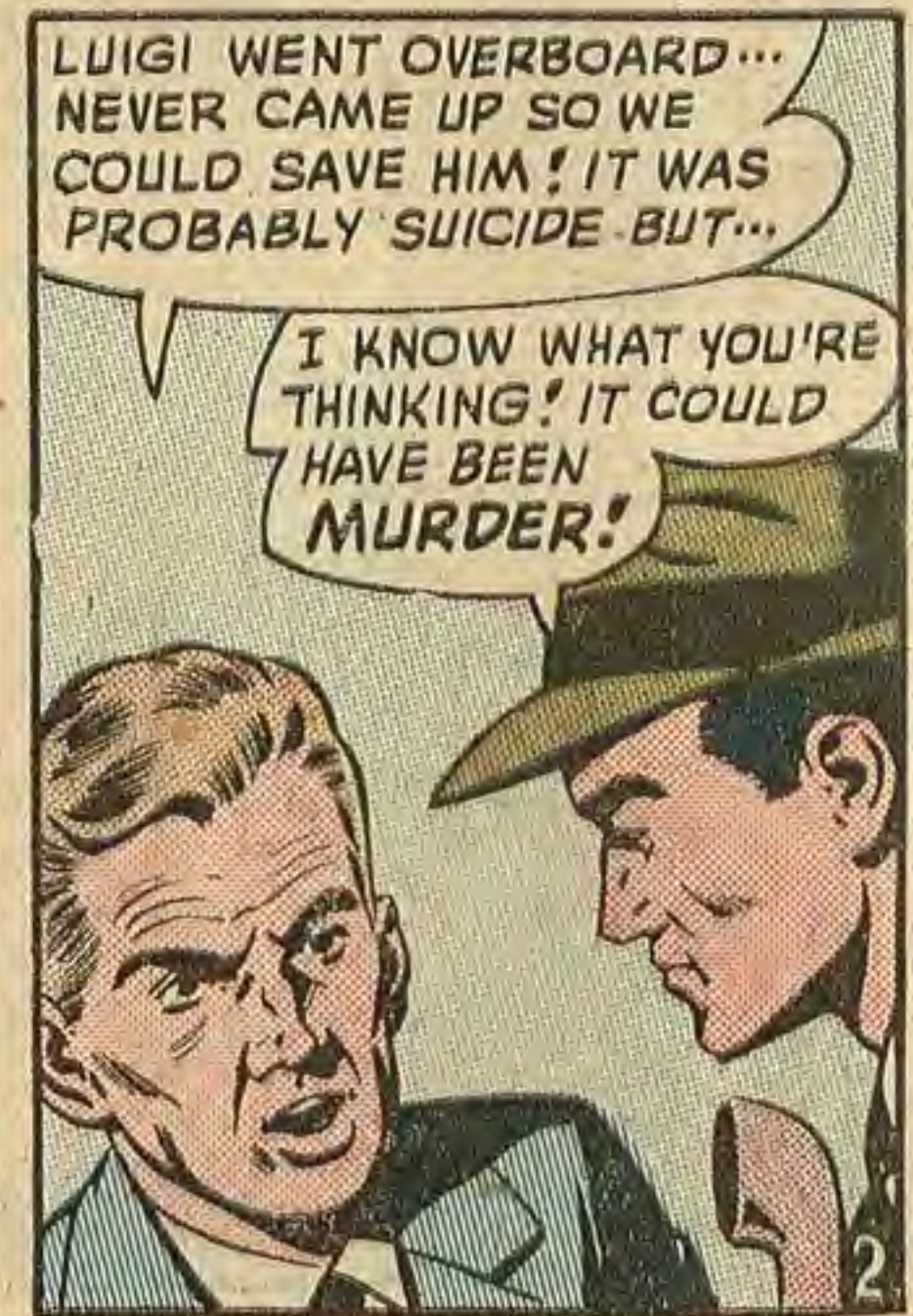
YOU ACCEPTED? STEVE, THAT'S WONDERFUL!

SAY, STEVE, I THINK I MAY HAVE A LEAD ON THE DIAMOND SMUGGLING RACKET! I...

SORRY, INSPECTOR FLANAGAN... SALLY AND I HAVE A WEEK-END DATE! YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK OUT YOUR OWN PROBLEMS FOR A CHANGE!



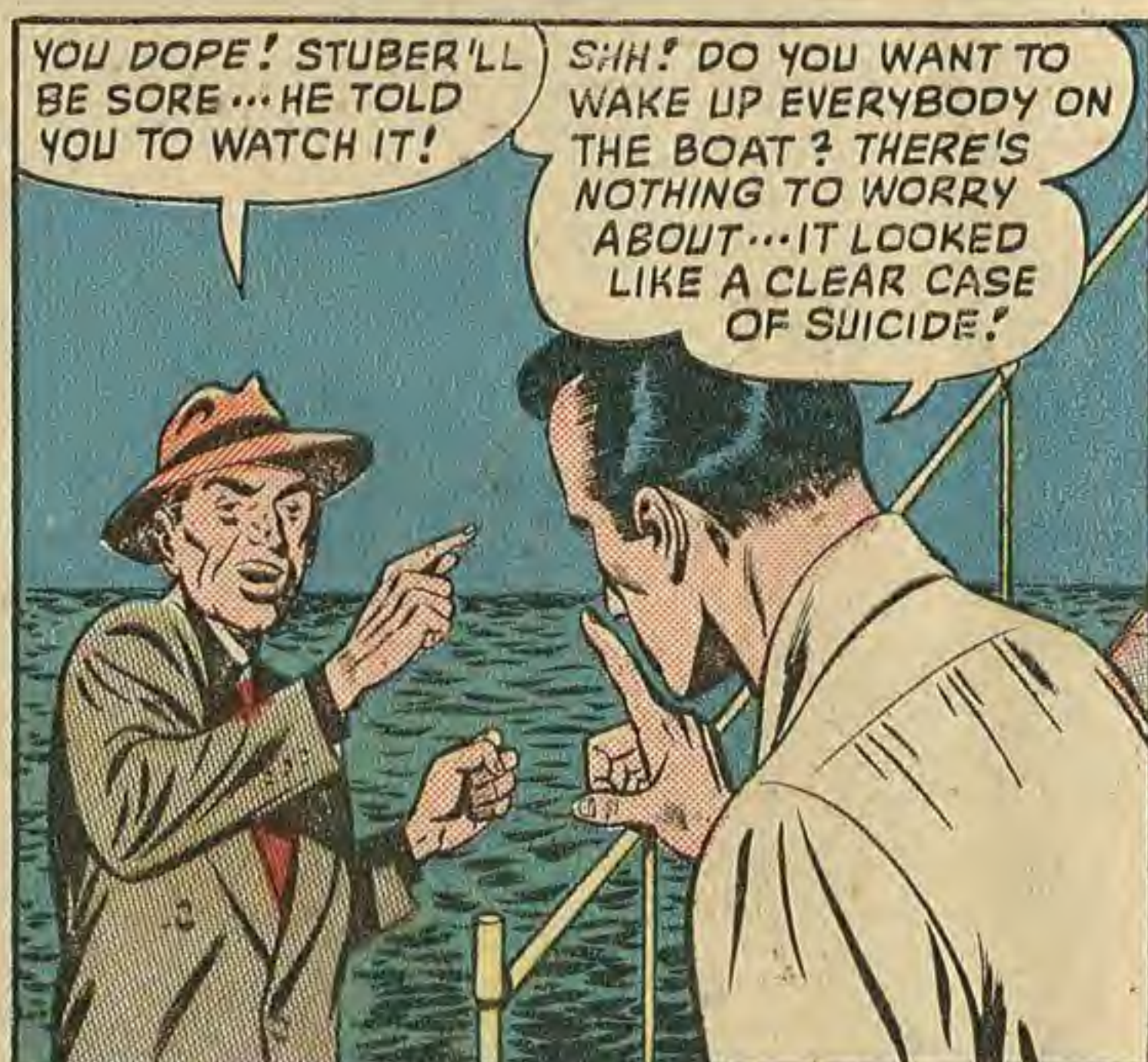




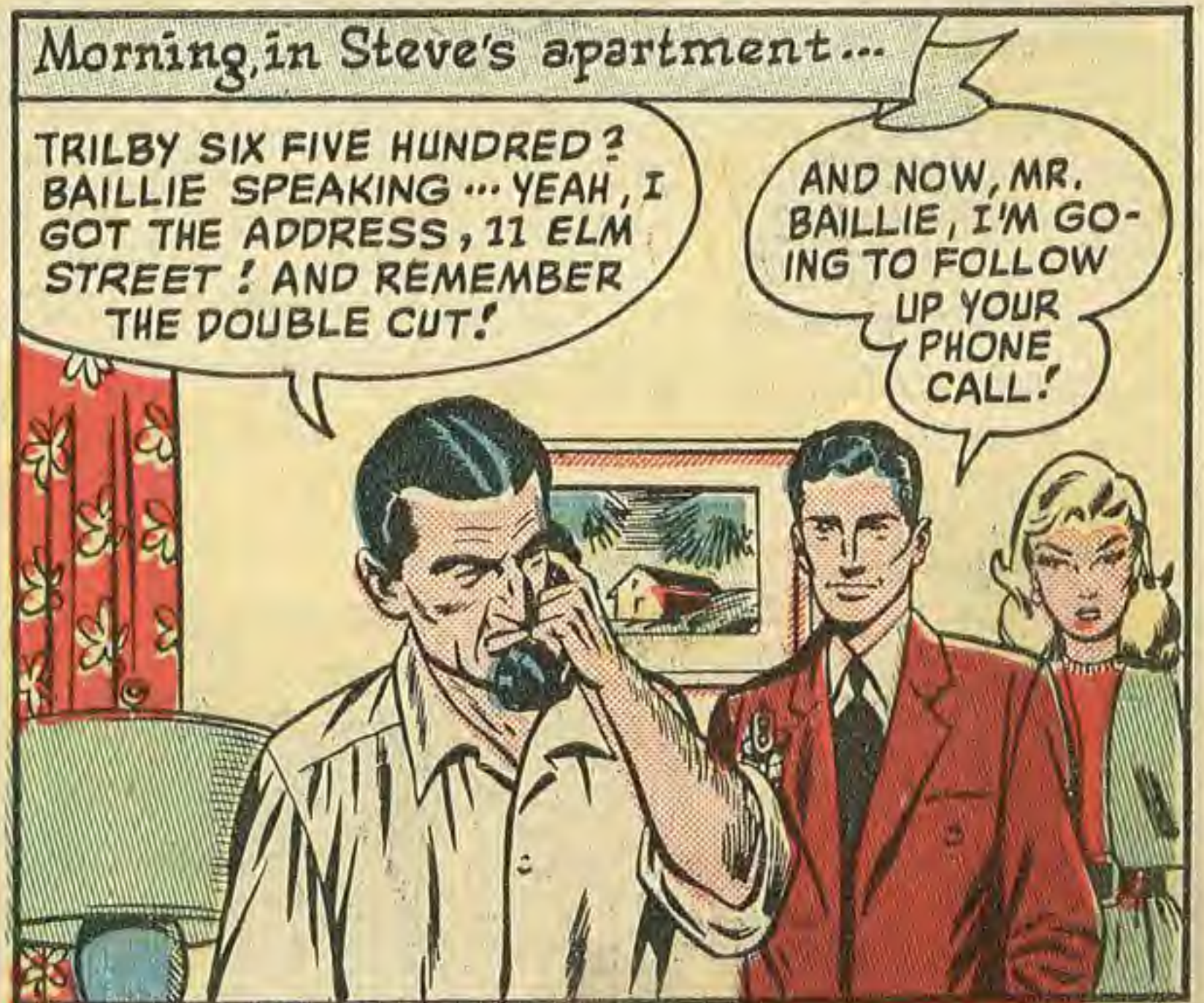


















**BOYS!**  
**Jim Prentice**  
**THE AMAZING**  
**NEW 1950**

# ELECTRIC BASEBALL

## TRUE-TO-LIFE ACTION Big League Thrills... Right in Your Home!

Imagine uncartoning this big wonderful Electric Baseball Game. The greatest \$3 game value you ever saw. You get big game board, playing parts and recording dials. In addition you get the electric unit and standard battery. You also get the fast action electric bat that slams the pitched balls to the electric contacts. These are the extra amazing secrets that give you thrills and enjoyment. Speedy zooming fun you expect from a baseball game. This is a big game, size 16x14x1½". The electric unit and diamond are encased in a strong enameled wood frame. Only \$3. Our guarantee "You must be satisfied" Use the coupon. You take no chance.

IT'S ONE SWELL GAME!  
 I PLAY IT WITH MY BOY...  
 WE GET A GREAT KICK  
 OUT OF IT!

IT'S A  
 HIT!

NEVER BEFORE  
 HAVE I SEEN A GAME  
 THAT GIVES YOU THE FEEL  
 OF ACTUAL BALL

STEEL BALL ZIPS  
 THROUGH SLOT

ELECTRIC LIGHTS  
 FLASH THE PLAYS

BATTER TRIES  
 TO NAIL THE PITCH

DOUBLE LIGHT  
 - HOME RUN

UMPIRE CALLS STRIKES,  
 BALLS-DECIDES CLOSE PLAYS

**Fellas!**  
**Get up a League!**

### PLAY A SERIES OF GAMES

Each fellow represents his favorite team. Set up a schedule, with double headers. Keep the scores, figure percentages. Award a pennant for first place, just like the big leagues. Order a game for your club today. Send \$3. with the coupon. We'll rush the game complete with all parts and battery ready for your first game. Only \$3. postpaid. C.O.D. \$1. deposit. Postman collects balance plus fee.



**THE ELECTRIC GAME CO.**

98 Front Street, Holyoke, Mass.

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

The Electric Game Co., Inc., 98 Front St., Holyoke, Mass. Amount Enclosed \$...

- |   |      |  |
|---|------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball, Electric | \$3. | * Transformer plug-in models                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Football, Electric | \$3. | <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball, Super El. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Basketball, Elec.  | \$3. | <input type="checkbox"/> Football, Super El. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Flash Quiz, Elec.  | \$3. | All Games Sent Postpaid                      |

**C. O. D.**  
 Send \$1. deposit  
 Postman collects  
 balance and fee.

Name ..... PLEASE PRINT

Street .....

City ..... State .....

\*Super Electric Games, size 22" x 14" x 2", wood frames with transformer and plug in cord for AC house current. Price \$10.00 postpaid.



# "U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOCUSING ON  
THE FIREBUG



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM AN ALL-DAY BIKE-HIKE WHEN SUDDENLY...

LOOK! FIRE IN THE WAREHOUSE! AND THAT MAN...

...MUST BE THE MYSTERY FIREBUG THE POLICE ARE AFTER!



...MAYBE THE PICTURE I TOOK WILL CLEAR UP SOME OF THE MYSTERY! GET THIS FILM DEVELOPED, FELLAS, WHILE I JET OVER TO THE FIRE-STATION FOR HELP!



WITH ALL-OUT JET SPEED, U.S. ROYAL-- LEADING THE FIRE-TRUCK-- IS SOON ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE BURNING WAREHOUSE...



...WHERE THE FIREMEN FIGHT THE BIG BLAZE WITH ALL THEY'VE GOT!

GOOD! HERE COME THE BOYS WITH THE DEVELOPED INFRARED FILM I TOOK!



WELL, THE FIRE'S OUT... THE WAREHOUSE IS SAVED... BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO THE FIREBUG IS...

NO, BUT THIS WILL SHOW US WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE... THE REST OUGHT TO BE EASY!



THE NEXT DAY, THE FIREBUG IS BROUGHT IN, MAKES A FULL CONFESSION WHEN HE SEES THE PICTURE OF HIMSELF IN ACTION!

...IN APPRECIATION FOR A LITTLE FAST LENSWORK... PLUS A LOT OF FAST FOOTWORK!

PLUS OUR U.S. ROYALS!



FELLAS, WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES-- WITH THAT SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT **BIKE COMICS**! GET YOUR COPY TODAY--AT YOUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE DEALER'S. IT'S **FREE!**

**U.S.**  
BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science